

GREAT MASTERS  
OF THE HIMALAYAS  
THEIR LIVES  
AND  
TEMPLE TEACHING



By Rishi Singh Gherwal  
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# **GREAT MASTERS OF THE HIMALAYAS**

## **THEIR LIVES AND TEMPLE TEACHING**

**VOLUME ONE**  
Third Edition

BY

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## **Kundalini — Mother Of The Universe**

## **Yoga Vashisht or Heaven Found**

and others

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#### FOR BOOKS OR CORRESPONDENCE COURSES

**WRITE TO**

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Santa Barbara, Calif.

U. S. A.

Dedicated to My Friends  
Mr. and Mrs. J. Falkenstein

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The chart on the cover  
nine triangles, two lotuses, should be eight and sixteen  
petals and three circles.

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## P R E F A C E

The pages of this book have been lived personally by its author. It is absolute fact, even though the Western world may think it incredible fact. The alert observer of human life recognizes there exists more than comes under his personal recognizance—more than “Is dreamt of in thy philosophy, Horatio.”

What to the uninformed Western mind, or shall we say the unheeding Western mind seem miraculous unbelievable episodes, is to the philosophical mind of the Hindu the natural culmination of development along spiritual lines.

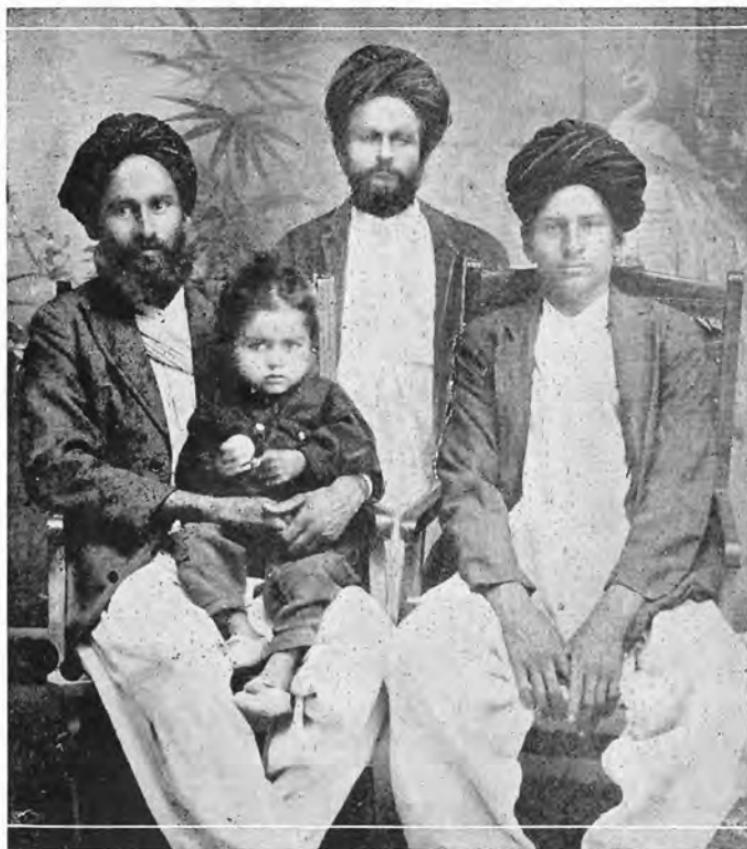
The European and Western world looks expectantly and continually into the “outer” for knowledge—the East is introspective, knowing that the spirit of man is not put on like a garment but is innate. The flesh is the garment for the spirit.

The West has been dubbed material, the East spiritual, but it is not so in the truest sense, for “Man lives not by bread alone” but is sustained by the impelling, compelling spirit. Whether in the Himalayan snows or the busy modern street the flesh is lit by the lamp within—the West has burnished the vessel of the lamp, the East has fanned the flame.

The message of Yoga philosophy is: “Go within to find thy God. He waits for you in the temple of your own soul. The reality is within, and Maya (illusion) is without.”



Author's picture, taken just about the time he made  
the trip to the Holy Places



From left to right: 1. R. S. Gherwal. 2. Fateh Singh Gherwal. 3. Jiwan Singh Gherwal. The small boy is the son of F. S. Gherwal



## GREAT MASTERS OF THE HIMALAYAS

### CHAPTER I

During the troublous years of 1922 and 1923 the Beloved of the Indian peoples, Mahatma Gandhi was imprisoned, but though prison walls separated him from his adoring friends, his doctrine the conviction for which he suffered imprisonment,—the policy of non-resistance—was ardently essayed by his supporters. In particular, the Akalis consecrated themselves by vows spoken at the Gurdwara (temple) to endure torture and death rather than return violence for violence, confident that right by virtue of the power of truth would prevail without might.

Sympathetic with the Akalis' principle of non-resistance, I could not look with equanimity upon their torture. My friends urged me to leave the country since my home was open for the political leaders, and I who had vowed my life to the pursuit of philosophic knowledge and peace was fast letting my sympathies obtain the upper hand. Finally I yielded to the earnest importunities of saner advice than my own heart offered and went in search of the necessary permit to leave India for England.

The official in charge agreed to furnish a permit but stated that the permit could not immediately be obtained. I wandered out in the country while awaiting the issue of the permit. Coming upon a shady tree I lay beneath it and soon fell asleep.

As I slept a vision of myself at Brindavan unfolded. Brindavan—where the greatest of mankind, Sri Krishna spent his childhood. Turning over in my sleep woke me and as I sat up, one whose aspect was that of a Master addressed me. His kindly glance rested upon me and looking into his beautiful eyes I lost myself in them, to be recalled by his voice: "Son, what troubles you?"

I could not answer.

"Would you like to go Brindavan?"

"Indeed, yes," I found my voice, "but tell me, who are you?"

"I am thyself!"

The realization then that he knew, mysteriously, of my vision astonished me.

"How did you know I wish to see Brindavan?"

He said with a smile, "I guessed so. I know you will go to Brindavan and there I will meet you." As he spoke he moved away from me.

Anxiety that I should not see again this man whose tender gaze awakened my own divinity prompted me to beg him to say when we should meet again.

"Son," his voice reached me from down the road, "at Brindavan I will surely meet thee."

After his departure I sat and wondered anew at this accurate reading of my thoughts.

When I returned home I told my mother and brother that within a week I was going to England, but to a friend I confided my heart was set upon going to Tibet.

## CHAPTER II

I planned to leave home without any of my family knowing I was bent upon going to Brindavan and not to England. My chief reason for secrecy was the concern that my younger brother would certainly follow me if he knew my intention of journeying to the Holy Place. To my mother I said, "I will go to-night. Do not tell our friends for I do not want a crowd to see me off." In spite of this the station that night was crowded with many young friends, and with me I carried the felicitations of my comrades. Their wishes cheered me even though they were mistaken in my destination.

After an all night ride I reached Brindavan, the Holy Place, where gather every twelve years the great and holy men of India—Sadhu\*, Yogi and Swami. From every corner of India they come to pay respect at the birthplace of the Beloved Krishna.

Brindavan is about five miles west of the city of Mathura, situated upon a hill covered by woods, in which grow a great variety of trees and shrubs. Here sing the Kokilos (*cencubus indicus*) sweetest of all bird singers, the charm of whose song remains with the listener as long as memory. Here, too, the Chakur Banbehiya trills, but to my mind, the Kokilos are the

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\*Sadhu—an itinerant holy man who in his journeys is sheltered and supplied with food by the respectful populace. He has renounced the world and its delights and comforts.

loveliest singers in the world. The birds have made Brindavan a heaven. It is a natural beauty spot from the mouth to the source of the Jamuna River.

I could not but remember that it was only fitting the sweetest song-birds should have sung their beautiful songs for the greatest king of mankind (to the Indian mind), Sri Krishna. In this garden spot Krishna played as a child, and here, grown to manhood, the Flute Player sang his song of the divine of which the Bhagavad Gita is but a fragment. Here lived Him whose teachings gave food to the advanced thinkers of humanity.

"Stand up, Pertpal," said Krishna to Arjuna, "fight for your Dharma.\*"

Standing upon the beautiful hill called Govardhana and looking upon the lovely Jamuna River, I almost forgot for what I had come to Brindavan. Twilight was shadowy about me when from behind me a voice said, "How do you like Brindavan? Is it the same as you saw it a week ago?"

"You are mistaken, I fear. I was not here a week ago," and I turned to face the questioner.

"Think, son, did you not see Govardhana Hill a week since?"

"Ah, yes, I saw it in a vision as I lay under a tree outside the City of Ludhiana, and now I wonder if you aren't the same man I saw there?"

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\*Dharma—Right and Duty.

Smiling he answered me, "Yes. Let us go to the Temple, you are probably hungry."

At the Temple a servitor gave us a wholesome meal which I enjoyed in the company of my new friend. After eating I sought the Temple courtyard and there I slept on the ground—sleeping very well.

The next morning the porter told me that the Rishi left a message telling me to meet him in Hardwar.

"What is the name of the Rishi?" I asked.

"We call him the All-Knowing, other than that I know not his name."

Was this Rishi, perhaps, the Great Master of whom I had heard since childhood, whom I had desired to meet? I resolved in Hardwar to ask him frankly for his name.

## CHAPTER III

**HARDWAR**

Just outside the city of Hardwar I noticed a man sitting beneath a tree, but I gave little heed to him and passed on. He overtook me, however, and asked me how I made it from Brindavan.

"On my two feet. And how did you, Babaji?"

"Likewise, my son," he retorted.

My eagerness to learn his identity forced me to ask at once for his name.

"Let us first find a place to eat, son, and then we will discuss that."

So we walked on until under his direction we came to a well-known Muni-mandal, Vidayal. There we were greeted by Saint Kishavanadji a great Sadhu of the Udasi of the Punjab. Saint Kishavanadji treated us courteously and after we dined my Rishi drew apart and spoke with the Saint at such length that I fell asleep.

When I awoke I was alone and again I searched for my erstwhile companion. About him I knew nothing and that didn't make the search any simpler. Hour after hour I sought him and finally I returned to the Muni-mandal Vidayal. To Saint Kishavanadji I told my loss and he soberly told me that I could not easily find that great Babaji.

"Can you tell me, oh Saint, who the Babaji is?"

"The greatest of all Rishis, my son. Some call him Yogi, some Swami, and others Sanyasi. No one on earth has reached his exalted state."

"Is it he," I queried, "who lives on the highest peaks of Mount Abu in Rajputana and is known as the greatest Yogi—Bhagavan Puriji?"

"From whom have you heard these things, son?"

"My uncle, Sadhu Utama Singhji."

"You are then a nephew of Utama Singhji; where is he now, son?"

I answered that he had gone to the other world some ten years before.

For nearly a week I remained at the Muni-mandal. While there I was surprised to learn that Saint Kishavanadji was ninety years old. Such was his extraordinary vigor that six men could not move him once he had taken his stand. Talking later with the men I chided them on their inability to lift a lone man, aged at that. They replied that when the Saint was sixty years of age double their number could not budge him an inch.

From Saint Kishavanadji I besought the information as to how I might reach the great Master Bhagavan Puriji. After making certain that my desire to seek the Master was sincere he told me I must journey to the Mount Abu peaks. "He is there now," he affirmed.

“But how can I go to the Mount through jungle-land where every kind of wild animal would prey upon me? The tigers of Rajputana, ferocious beasts, would make a meal from my poor body.”

Smilingly the Saint retorted that I did not really want to see the Master. “If you sincerely desired to go to the Master you would ignore your body. Why care if your body be eaten by a tiger? You are a soul without birth or death. ‘Jo hai jo hai’—what will be will be.”

Hereupon the Saint took the occasion to lecture me. He was a learned man, well known and respected all over the Punjab. In Hardwar he made his headquarters at the Muni-mandal Vidyal, scarcely a mile from the railroad station.

“Ah, son, start thy journey to the Great One. It is well worth the pains of dangerous travel.”

Promising me a map with full directions for the trip to Mount Abu should I decide to go, he left me and I wandered about for three days trying to make up my mind.

On the fourth day a man came to the Muni-mandal, a huge fellow six feet tall with the strength and appearance of a butcher, ready, as I thought to kill any poor goat who went near him. He announced his intention of making a journey to Mount Abu, declaring that it was not his first trip there.

Many misgivings assailed me at the thought of being the companion of such a one, but there was no

one else foolhardy enough to go and, despite the warning of my spirit that the butcher-like man was only one degree better than the Rajputana tigers I agreed to accompany him.

## CHAPTER IV

**IN THE JUNGLE WE MET MONKEYS  
WITNESSED THEIR TRIAL**

To gratify my absorbing desire to sit at the feet of the Great Master Bhagavan Puriji meant risking my life in the jungle, but from childhood I had resolved that I should learn from the Holy One who was intimately known to Sadhus and Yogis.

"With my money we need not walk. At least as far as the trains can take us on our way," I told my burly companion. To which he retorted that whether I had money or not was indifferent to him. Ride we would, but pay we would not. Tickets were for know-nothings.

We boarded the train and were not approached for a ticket. Nearing our destination while the train was bumping along at twenty miles an hour my comrade suggested we get off—otherwise we must walk back this far from the station. The idea of jumping from a train speeding along at twenty miles an hour didn't appeal to me but my friend grasped my arm and together we leaped. Fortunately we landed in sand and except for sand in my eyes, nose and throat, I was unhurt.

"That's not sugar," he protested, "so don't eat it."

I had long since made up my mind to keep my mouth shut, thinking that the best policy.

He looked about until he found a trail and called to me to "come on if I cared to".

I got to my feet still clutching my little bag of pulse which was sufficient to provide me with food for thirty days. Following as a child does its mother I kept up with him easily as I am a good walker. Fifty miles a day at the rate of four miles and hour is within my ability.

About seven in the evening he stopped and I thought we were to rest there for the night, but no, after twenty minutes he resumed the march and continued until nine o'clock. Then we made camp for the night. Not a sound broke the still air and a beautiful moon made day of the night and permitted me the consolation of reading my Bhagavad Gita.

Early morning found us again on the trail. So we plodded on for four days and on the fifth I noticed spoor of wild animals. To my companion I said nothing. He treated me heartlessly. In the five days not fifteen words had passed between us.

The evening of the sixth day he sat down near a little stream that gushed from the mountain-side. We sat there for half an hour when I saw with consternation twenty huge monkeys coming straight toward us.

"Look, look, they are coming after us!" I involuntarily cried.

"They're coming for you then, not for me," he brutally replied. "Keep your bread-eater shut."

The monkeys closely followed a trail that led di-

rectly to us, but they seemed not to notice our proximity. As they drew nearer I saw they were huge apes, walking upright like men. The chief was at their head flanked on each side by four slightly smaller apes. Five followed behind and surrounded one who walked along in their midst. They strung behind in single file. From this lone ape's face I imagined he had committed some crime, for he hung his head in a shamed way. Thirty yards from us they stopped and looked about, hunting beneath the bushes for poisonous snakes or a tiger lying in wait. Luckily they didn't seem aware of us. It seemed a familiar locale to them and the chief sat down on a mound about three feet removed from the rest. Before him the apes squatted. It was the scene of a courtroom—and now an ape rose and chattered eagerly, facing the chief sometimes, who was the judge, and sometimes facing the audience. Near the monkey, who was evidently the prisoner on trial, sat an ape who often tried to rise and make himself heard, but the ape who had the floor didn't give him an opportunity to gain the judge's hearing, or perhaps his objections were overruled! Finally the attorney for the prosecution squatted and the defense advocate arose and stated his case with vociferous chattering and horrible grimacing. Heated with his argument he struck his head for emphasis and slapped his thigh resounding whacks. For ten minutes he argued but as he sat down the judge rose and with a few guttersals condemned the prisoner. The apes cuffed the poor prisoner until he cried. The two attorneys took the floor and gibbered wildly only

to be interrupted by the judge who stood and walked from his mound followed by most of the assemblage. Two apes escorted the condemned one to the stream and urged him across. He objected and they carried him over, returning alone. Quickly they rejoined their brethren who were almost out of sight.

My friend and I had not moved, scarcely breathed in fact, for fear of being discovered. I was eager to ask him the meaning of the strange meeting we had witnessed. I did ask him only to be told "couldn't I use my own eyes?" I persisted in spite of his sarcasm and begged him to tell me why the poor prisoner had been banished.

"He deserved what he got. No doubt he violated their social laws."

My own opinion still differs. I'm inclined to think from my own experience with travel across many borders that this poor ape wandered into foreign country without a passport, or perhaps he had the passport but did not see that it was properly viséed, and worst contingency of all, perhaps he lacked the price of the visé. Many ten dollars have left my purse for visés—Japan however predisposes me to travel in her land, for the visé is only two dollars! Again the poor ape might have been a deserter who crossed into hostile frontiers. Ah, well, I have often wondered about the ape who certainly had a poor lawyer.

The following morning I awoke to an unpleasant surprise—my friend had left me alone in the jungle. I searched fruitlessly and despairingly for his foot-

marks but found nothing. I told myself I could blame no one but myself, my mistrust of him had simply been confirmed.

The map and directions the kind Saint had given me proved invaluable—I walked onward to my goal, sometimes running in my anxiety to attain my objective.

A hard and wearisome fight brought me at last to Mount Abu, and there, near the mouth of a little cave sat a man. My first question was of the Master. He answered he did indeed know him, but did I?

“I came here to talk with him and to learn further Yoga from him.”

With a kindly smile he informed me the Master had left there that morning.

I sank to the ground with a deep sigh of disappointment and fatigue. Was I never to catch up with him?

“Are you ill, son; what is this?”

“No, not ill,” I wearily replied, “but I have come a long, arduous way through the forest to see the dear Master, only to find him gone,” and I must have looked very forlorn.

“He’s gone, that’s true, but not far—only to the Cave of Nasik. You can easily reach there,” he assured me.

“I don’t know where the Cave is—it isn’t marked on my map. Just the old city of Nasik.”

“Tomorrow I go to the Cave—you may accompany me if you wish.”

At this I began laughing, recalling the other companion who accepted my company only to desert me.

Puzzled by my laughter he asked me to explain and I told him all, even the episode of the ape trial. He assured me he wouldn't desert me and believing I made ready to go to the Cave of Nasik on the morrow.

## CHAPTER V

### THE CAVE OF NASIK

At dawn my acquaintance of the evening before, who seemed full of energy and kindness despite his fifty years, and myself trusting this comrade as much as I had mistrusted his predecessor, took the trail. I asked his name but he answered that he was nameless.

"By what name do people call you," I persisted.  
"Many names," was the answer.

"Then I shall call you 'Sir,'" and he merely said, "As you like."

Determined to learn something definite pertaining to him I inquired his age.

"I am ageless; neither birth nor death touch me."

"A tree is rooted, Sir, how old are your roots?"

"That is not to be known," he gently reproved me.

"Tell me then, Sir, the secret of your youth."

"Well, well," he exclaimed, interrupting me, "if there isn't my old friend."

When I looked for his old friend my breath stopped and my teeth chattered. His friend was a huge tiger! To my eyes she looked as large as a horse. Noting my terror my kind friend assured me I was in no danger. "Do you mean to tell me that fearsome beast is your friend?"

"Why not?" he questioned calmly.

"Who are you?"

"Thyself!" His voice was gentleness itself.

Hardly believing my eyes I saw him approach the tiger and fondly stroke its fur, murmuring greetings of friendliness to which the big beast responded by every show of returned affection. "Come, come—and meet my good friend," he called and beckoned to me.

Trembling, my throat choking me, I obeyed.

"See how sweet she is," he said, "such a good mother. She has her baby and two of her sister's who passed away. Show us the babies, will you?"

Obediently the tiger stalked along before us and I silently followed my strange friend. Since my courage had deserted me I couldn't question, but my thoughts were many and busy. Half a mile we were led by the tiger, to a wooded hill thickly overgrown with brush. There in a deep ditch frolicked three tiger cubs, one about a month old and two older ones. The cubs were harmless enough and very lovable in their rounded furriness and I asked permission to play with them. The youngest was a bit frightened but soon I caught all three and we had a happy time together. A little later my comrade bade me come up out of the ditch and we resumed our journey to the Cave.

My tongue was loosed now and I poured out a flood of questions. "You are a Master," I asserted, "I'm sure of it."

"Why?" was the non-committal reply.

"Because the tiger did not harm us."

"That is nothing. They attack only those who desire to kill them. If you have love in your heart for them and no fear they won't harm you. Love in your heart for everyone brings a return of love."

"Master, will you explain the secret of making a tiger like you?"

"Do not call me Master," he admonished me. "As for the secret of course I will explain. If man will relinquish the idea of killing, the love of every creature will be his."

"How long will it take to do this?"

He answered that if in twelve years the hand, eyes or tongue have not killed, the power will be gained. For many who do not destroy with the hand, do so with the eyes or tongue. Neither animal or mankind will attack this loving one, nor will opposition of any kind be presented.

"Must one, Master, do anything else except abstain from killing any living creature?"

"Yes, my son, he should have love in his heart for everyone, but he should not fix his affection on any particular one, holding all in love. Nor should he fear death anywhere or at any time. He is above death, realizing he is not bound by the narrow walls of flesh and bone but is soul or spirit, of all and in all. His prayer should be:

There is no jealousy, no fear,  
I am the dearest of the dear;  
No rival, no foe,  
No injury, no woe,  
Om, Om, Om!  
Nothing can harm me,  
Nothing alarm me,  
The soul of all  
The nectar falls,  
Om, Om, Om!  
The Heavens and stars,  
Worlds near and far  
Are hung and strung  
On the songs I sung,  
Om, Om, Om!"

To my readers I wish to say that all fear of evil must be banished—as the light succeeds darkness.

With my honored friend I felt I walked in safety, and knew that wherever we might go danger could not touch us. We passed many ancient sites and to my questions he always returned a kindly answer. He described to me in detail the old city of Nasik and other matters of historical interest. This book would be thousands of pages long were I to set down all that he said. Modern books must not be long, or they wouldn't be read!

We are at the Cave of Nasik. The Cave is like a large auditorium. It is crowded with statues, some of kings, among them the statue of the King of Yodhas-tar—hero of the Mahabhartha—one of the five brothers who won undying fame in that legend. I explored the farthest corners of the Cave and then returned to my waiting Master, who asked me if I had seen all I wished. "Yes, but what of the Cave's history?" I asked.

"As we walk on to Bagh, where I find the Great Master of all has gone and where we will see many Masters, I will relate the history of Nasik."

Then as we walked side by side he acquainted me with much interesting data concerning the Cave of Nasik. "Just after the great war of Kairma and Panduma, 1600 B.C., the excavation of the Cave was begun. Many great men, many kings and queens were numbered among the laborers. Three hundred years passed in this great work, all of which was done by hand—hammers and chisels only were used."

I remarked that there were many statues of the King of Yodhastar.

"Yes, for he was a great king who faithfully followed his Dharma—his path of right and duty. That is why there are so many replicas of him. He was the only king who went to Brahmakhand (Heaven) in the body."

"Oh tell me of that, Master, please."

"King Yodhastar was the ruler of Panduma and in the Mahabhartha war he fought against the King of Kairma, a thief and greedy for the spoils of war. It was really a conflict between good and evil, with King Yodhastar defending Dharma. He triumphed over evil.

"Sometime after the close of the war Sri Krishna,\* who was accidentally killed by a hunter, was at that time 126 years old. King Yodhastar and his four brothers loved Sri Krishna above everything and life without him they could not endure. They wished to meet him in Brahmakhand (Heaven) and vowed they would seek him in Swerg or Heaven. They sought him, therefore, King Yodhastar, his queen—the good Darupati—and his four brothers. As they neared the peak of Himalaya the good Darupati, fainting and exhausted, cried, 'Oh my dear Lord, I cannot walk further. Come and help me for I am ready to fall.' He answered that if she could stagger on as far as he stood he would assist her, but his vow did not permit him to turn back even one step to aid her. Utterly spent Darupati fell gasping to the ground.

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\*Krishna—the Hindu Christ.

"Soon the youngest brother of the King could not force his feet further and he, too, was left behind to die."

"One after the other the next two brothers were conquered by the flesh and perished. Only King Yodhastar and one brother continued the exhausting climb. 'Why, oh King and my brother, has the good Darupati who loved us more than she loved God been allowed to fall?'

"'For that reason,' curtly replied the King.

"'But our brothers?'

"'Our youngest brother, Bhima, was young and handsome and very proud. Therefore he fell. So likewise did our brother who so greatly admired his beauty and proudly thought the world contained no handsomer man than our brother.'

"'And good Arujan who was faithful to his Dharma fell also, oh King.'

"'Yes, Bhima, but he believed he was the greatest warrior in the world,' sadly replied the King.

"At last Bhima perished like his brothers and the King alone was left to struggle on. Finally he gained the top-most peak of the Himalayas and there he was met by God (Truth).

"'King, you have won to Truth and as a reward you may enter Heaven as you are, in your physical body. Come with me—my car is here.'

"Beside King Yodhastar crouched his dog, faithful companion of his terrible journey. 'May I take my dog into Heaven with me?' he asked Truth.

" 'No! Your dog must live many lives on this earth. When he reaches your state he may enter Brahmakhand, but not now.'

"The King remonstrated that the dog followed him in his perilous search for Truth, had endured all the hardships and surely should be permitted to share in the reward. 'My wife and brothers failed me but not this dog,' he added.

" 'Let us go.' God spoke sternly.

"King Yodhastar pleaded to be allowed to take his dog but Truth was obdurate. 'This is not just or right!' the King cried, 'I came hither for you, Truth, not for your Heaven and if I cannot take my poor dog who shared the pain and should share the joy of reward with me I shall not enter your Heaven. Nor do I think you just and merciful, you, the God of Love and Justice are doing the works of darkness. I shall remain with my poor dog,'—thus spoke the valiant king.

" 'Look, King, at your dog', was the compassionate answer. There was no dog to be seen!

" 'That, good King, was your last test. You have triumphed over all. Now come with me.' "

The Master concluded his story of King Yodhastar with the assertion that because the King was received bodily into Heaven many statues of him had been placed in the Cave of Nasik.

I called the Master's attention to the fact that I had seen a statue of Buddha in the Cave, and remarked Buddha's date was 500 B. C., and the Cave dated

back to 1600 B. C.

The Master explained the statue of Buddha had been placed in the Cave of Nasik by Gautama Buddha's grandson, King Ashoka. This good king was mightily beloved by the people of India whose interest he always served faithfully. King Ashoka desired his illustrious forbear should be honored and have his rightful place among the other statues of notables in the Cave of Nasik.

In all caves and temples of India are found statues of the Buddha, placed there by his disciples who still follow his teachings. Because of these statues of Gautama Buddha, Europeans conclude all caves were excavated after the time of the great Buddha. This is not a fact however, the zeal of Buddha advocates is the real explanation.

Below us lay a valley with a village nestled in it. "We shall soon be there and rest for tonight," said my companion. Shortly after, we were in the village and in the Temple we found shelter for the night.

Daybreak found us again afoot. For three days we traveled steadily, spending the nights where nightfall overtook us. The end of the third day brought us to the famous Cave of Bagh.

## CHAPTER VI

## THE CAVE OF BAGH

The dimensions of the Cave of Bagh are 90 by 90 feet; its location about forty-five miles east of Mandhu is easily accessible by train. Here two rivers meet, both well-known to Hindus, the Vagruly and Girna. At first sight I looked in vain for the Cave; before me was a wooded hill. On questioning the Master he told me the mouth of the Cave was on top of the hill. The path leading to it was almost hidden in brush I discovered. As I gazed at the hilltop and heard the Master say, "There is the Cave of Bagh," my heart beat wildly with anticipation and, I confess, fear. Not the fear inspired by the tigers, though Bagh is the king of all the tigers, but the fear that is akin to sacred awe. My readers can imagine how I felt when the Master said, "Son, you have desired the greatest Master of the Masters, Yogi Bhagavan Puriji—is it not so?"

"Yes," was my trembling answer, "that is my greatest desire."

"Then go into Bagh, son, and you will find him, and with him many others."

Parting the bushes, fearful of tigers, yet oddly confident the Master would protect me from tigers, human or animal, and excited at the prospect before me I climbed up the steep hillside and there at the top was the open mouth of the Cave, six or seven feet across. The Cave below is dug from the rock. Going in I discerned it was built in descending levels or stories. Traversing the first level I found an opening about three feet in width; it was the entrance into the

second level. I climbed down but could not see in the murky light which filtered in from the top at the mouth of the Cave. This light was the only illumination within. Feeling right and left with my hands I made my way to the downward opening and passed into the third story. In this manner I reached the fifth level. I was becoming very dizzy from lack of air and my progress was slow. Nearly twenty minutes had elapsed since I entered the Cave. My limbs could hardly support me and the lightness of my head made me reel against the walls. I was compelled to seek air. As rapidly as possible I made my way to the mouth of the Cave. There I collapsed upon the ground, feeling as though I was gassed. A good rest revived me and when I returned to the Master he asked me if I had found the object of my quest.

I answered that I had not, and besides I had nearly lost my way in the Cave. "The little light that seeped in from the first level didn't penetrate down to the fifth level where I was forced to turn back for air," I declared, and then went on to say I had only been able to feel walls and perhaps some statues, adding I didn't see how anyone could be in the Cave unless they could live without breathing. There wasn't any air to breathe.

"Son, you have done well. You have accomplished more than many men."

"How? Explain if you will." I was completely puzzled.

"My son, I have come to Bagh with many men and have sent them as I sent you alone to the mouth of

the Cave. Some went as far as the entrance and turned back, some penetrated the first and some went down into the third level but no one but yourself has had the courage to seek the fifth story. Do you not agree you have done well?"

"Perhaps so," I answered, "but it was with your help I went as far as I did. Always I felt your protection and I knew that no matter what I encountered you would keep me from harm."

"Well, but who am I to protect you?"

"You are a Master," I earnestly said, "and surely you will show me to the very depths of the Cave. Are you not a Master?"

He answered me by announcing he would furnish me with a light if I would go alone into the Cave.

"No, no, I want you to go with me," I pleaded.

"Very well, we will go together. Now wash your face and hands and I will give you food."

After washing myself I ran back to him and he offered me fruit and candy. Even today I cannot say where he obtained the fruit. It was delicious, of a flavor I had never before tasted.

"Wherever did you get this wonderful fruit?" I asked him.

"Is it not good?" he countered.

"The very finest I have ever tasted."

"Then why bother your head where it came from?" was the amused remonstrance.

About seven o'clock the following morning our exploration of the Cave began—to me it was the most mo-

mentous occasion of my life, to the Master routine. He went ahead of me through the first story and down into the third. There he caused the entire story to be flooded with light and this he did each time we entered a deeper level. On the fifth he pointed out rooms, which had been chiseled from the rock, with doors of stone. The sixth level seemed to be all cells which were little more than holes in the side walls. The Master handed me what appeared to be a stick of wood, "When you need a light you will have it," he said. I looked about on the sixth and complained I didn't see any Masters.

"Below us are many stories," he answered. "You will see what you seek on the next level."

Glancing about for the exit to the seventh I could find only a small aperture large enough to allow the passage of a man's body. Light greeted me but as I descended the light went out. It was inky dark and I cried out, "Master, Master, where is the light?"

"Within you," I heard his voice say. "Light what you have in your hand."

Suddenly the stick I held glowed with light but I could see my Master nowhere. Walking about I entered a little room and found a man sitting in Samadhi.\* He opened his eyes and I gazed into their tender depths. They were the same beautiful eyes I had seen three times before! The pleasure of seeing him again almost overwhelmed me as well as the knowledge that I was looking upon the greatest of all Yogis. I forgot the kind Master who brought me to Bagh, and bowed

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\*Samadhi—super consciousness.

my head in reverence to the Great Yogi. "Sit down," he kindly invited me. I sat at his feet—my keenest desire was fulfilled.

As I sat light illumined the room; he took from my hand the little stick and tossed it a little way from us. Resting in his peaceful presence I forgot myself—forgot why I was there. His voice recalled me: "Do you wish to penetrate further and see many other Yogis or do you wish to leave the Cave?

"I should like to go farther down if you will accompany me," I respectfully replied.

He rose to his feet and proceeded me into the next level. I saw three or four rooms and in them men were sitting in Samadhi. Absolutely motionless they sat, not a muscle quivered, their lungs and hearts were still. Silence flowed about them like a soundless sea and calm and peace reigned. Never a ripple on their sea of silence to disturb their suspended spirit. They were part of eternal peace.

"Come, son, let us depart."

By the time we were outside the Cave I remembered the Master who had taken such a kindly interest in me and I asked Yogi Puriji if he knew what had become of him. I added that I lost him on the very level where I found the Great Master.

Master Puriji commented casually that it was regrettable that I had lost my good friend.

It was twelve o'clock.

"Son," said the Holy One, you are anxious to talk, is it not so? Speak on."

"Do they remain always in this Cave or are they

there for training? I explained that I was eager to know who and what were the men in the Cave.

"They are among the great, my son. They have conquered the flesh and desire and are now masters over nature. To them it is alike whether they live under water or in the Himalayan snows. They have learned the great law of Nature which is Prana.\* All things not under their control in this or any world they master by controlling Prana."

"Prana is everywhere—in the Sun, Moon, Stars and this Earth. It is the motive force, the life force or energy. It causes the lungs to breathe. Man can exist without food, even for a short time without water, but man cannot live without breathing air."

"Is Prana, then, air?" I asked.

"No, certainly not. Prana is finer, more subtle than air. Air is gross. You can see air but you cannot see Prana. It is true that through air we reach Prana and control it. Masters of Prana can stop and start the beating of their hearts at will. There is no mystery about the control of Prana." He continued, "It is a natural act of life. Pranayama is the key to the mastery of Prana (life-force.)"

"May I ask, Master Bhagavanji how long the masters remain in Samadhi, the state in which I saw them in the Cave?"

"Some for months, some a year, others for years," he answered.

"Do they remain always in this Cave or do they

\*Prana—Life force or life energy—motive power. Often wrongly translated "breath."

**come outside?"**

"Some remain in the Cave a month and then come out, others six months or a year. Even for years they remain in the depths of the Cave before returning to the world for a period. You, son, have probably seen them in the past traveling about the country. You may see them in the future."

"Master," I entreated, "tell me your real name."  
"Son, I have no name."

"But what did your mother call you, dear Master, when you were a child?"

"That was a long, long time ago. Many mothers have borne me and all have given me names. I do not remember them all."

"Then your real name is not Yogi Bhagavan\* Puriji\*\*?"

"They gave me that name more than a hundred years ago," was his answer.

"Master, it is true, is it not you're he whom Swami Dayanand saw on the heights of Abu?"

"Where did you hear that, son?"

"From many Sadhus, among them my Uncle Utama Singhji, who once related the story of your life to me."

"Well, yes, son, I have been the teacher of many," was his modest rejoinder.

"May I ask your age, oh, Master Puriji?"

"Why should I be bothered with computing my age—I am ageless."

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\*Bhagavan—God.

\*\*Puri—Heavenly.

FOOTNOTE:

The Chicago Daily Tribune, issue of April 4, 1927, states that an English scientist now residing in Paris has perfected an antidote for sleep. Sleep is not necessary, he declares, being the result of accumulated toxins in the body which narcotize.

Proof is extant in India that Masters have not slept for thirty years. Control of sleep has been practiced in India for thousands of years.

"You are more than two hundred years old," I earnestly said.

"You can make me as old as you like, son," — the master was amused—but don't try to keep in mind how old you are. Forget your age, always feel young and you can keep your present body that much longer. Don't say to yourself, I am fifty-one years old. Think youth and you will be young."

"How old is the Cave of Bagh?" I queried.

"It is said to be 159 B. C., but that is a mistake; it is much older. Just as people believe it is only five stories deep. You and I know better than that."

"Yes, for I went to the seventh level and I think it is much deeper."

"You are right. There are further levels," he said.

A little later my illustrious Master remarked he had to go to Hardwar. "You too will go there, and I shall meet you at the Muni-mandal. Do not say to anyone where you have been or what you have seen, nor who I am. Go now to the nearest city and there

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#### Sri Aurobindo's Ashram at Pondicherry.

"An essential part of the Yoga sadhana here is to master the lower movements of human nature, as a preparation to transform them into something very high and divine, thus all sorts of sensual indulgence are absolutely forbidden here. The claims of the flesh and of the ordinary human nature are denied so far that not only such comparatively innocent habits as smoking is disconntenanced here, but the disciples have a tendency to diminish their food and even sleep considerably less. Mira Devi has already given up sleep for several months, and both Sri Aurobindo and Mira Devi partake of very little food, and even that they are diminishing steadily." (From A. B. Patrika, May 12th 1927, by Patindranath Sen Gupta).

board a train for Hardwar, where I shall await you."

"Cannot I go with you, Master?" I pleaded.

"No, my son," but he softened the refusal with such a tender look of divine love I was heartened and consoled for having to part with him. Then he gave me his blessing.

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My readers will be interested in a little history of Hardwar, known as the Great Holy Place. To it are drawn annually more people than to any other shrine. Every twelve years the "Maha Kumba mella" is held. It is a great pilgrimage to Hardwar, where a religious fete takes place as the culmination of the pilgrimage. At Brindavan where Sri Krishna spent his childhood, the pilgrims assemble in the month of February. By the first of March they have reached Hardwar and the end of April marks the conclusion of the Maha Kumbha mella. There is also an annual mella, from April first to the fifteenth. Due to the difference in the Indian and English calendars the fete does not fall on exactly the same date.

The Panranik legend relates the institution of the Kumbha. In olden times when the Devatos (gods) and the Asura (demons) were at war they fought in the sea, raising such a turmoil and churning of the water that a kumbha, a jar of Amrit\* nectar, was cast up by the sea. An even fiercer battle ensued between the Asura and the Devatos for the possession of the pre-

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\*Amrit—Everlasting.

cious jar of nectar. A god snatched the jar and flew with it, pursued by demons, but such was the god's haste he spilled drops of the precious liquid from the jar. The localities receiving these priceless drops were marked for celebration of the Kumbha Yoga or Kumbha mella. These sites follow: Ujjain, Prayag, or Allahabad, Hardwar, Godavari, ancient city of India—Nasik; and Manas Saranar.

Hardwar is a healthy city if a bit cold, since it is situated at the foot of the Himalayas. Here one has the opportunity to see in the assembled multitude (during the Kumbha mella) great Yogi Masters, Sadhus, Swamis and Sanyasi. It is a most beautiful and inspiring sight—this mella of holy men and devotees. One sees a well-dressed Sadhu in flowing robes proceeding humbly on foot, and behind him mounted in a howdah of gold atop a huge elephant rides a holy man from the Punjab. Here are representatives of the Udasi sect of the Punjab belonging to the Bara (big) or Chota (small) Akhara who have journeyed hundreds of miles on elephants, camels, the finest horses, or on foot to this great religious mella. Here, also, are bands of players who re-enact scenes from the Ramayain and old Vedic legends, sacred to India.

One wonders where the half million people will find food, for there are no regular cafes, only three or four organized depots such as that of the Muni-mandal. Here food is dispensed free to all comers. From two to three hundred thousand persons are fed daily,—from where the supply of food comes remains a

**mystery.**

One of the most picturesque sights in India occur on the banks of the Ganges River. In this river a million people bathe. It is known as the "sacred" Ganges. Bathing in its waters is symbolic of spiritual purification. Most remarkable is the lack of confusion and pushing usually attendant among a multitude of such gigantic proportions. One constantly hears the name of the Almighty spoken by reverent voices. Here and there are gathered little groups of people listening to a lecture by a Yogi, Swami, Sadhu or Sanyasi.

I missed the Kumbha in 1923, for during the first part of the year I was living the experiences in the Himalayas I am now recording.

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At Hardwar, to my delight, the Great Master was waiting and I experienced the keenest joy in seeing him once more. Near him Saint Kishavanadji sat and with a little smile asked me if I had found my Master on Mount Abu.

"Yes—and my Great Master sits beside you at this very moment."

Master Bhagavanji rebuked me gently. "Do not call me so; I am just one like yourself."

"Well, beloved Master," I replied, "if you don't wish it I shall not call you the greatest, but you are nevertheless, the greatest of all living men. Talk to me and teach me your Yoga." He answered there was but little time for teaching—he must leave Hardwar on the morrow.

"May I ask where you are going?" I humbly asked, feeling that I had only sips of the nectar of his glorious presence.

"Son, I am going to Badrinath and Kandarnath, from there into the higher Himalayas to Muktinath."

"Of Badrinath and Kandarnath I have heard but where is Muktinath?"

"On the other side of the Himalayas, across the snowy peaks. It is a long trip but if one can endure the cold and high altitude there is a shorter route through the Trans-Himalaya Pass. Few people dare the Trans-Himalaya nor is it known to many for it is not one of the eight main roads through the Himalayas."

"Tell me, Master, would it be possible for me to go as far as Kandarnath?"

"Easily," he declared, "as you will find a sarah (inn) every three or four miles along the way. But you will need very warm clothing, son, and if you like I'll tell you where to procure it. Doubtless you will meet Sadhus who are familiar with the roads to Badrinath and Kandarnath. They will be glad to help you. Along the way you will have the pleasure of seeing many temples. Badrinath, because it is in the Himalayas, is different than Rajputana, for travel in these mountains is different than on other mountains. In the Himalayas you will always receive vibrations of calm, peace and joy. The Himalayan Range is king over all the mountains of the world."

Among its heights have lived and are still living most of India's holy men. You will find it well worth while if you desire to go, but son, do not ask to accompany me. I will, however, meet you there. Remain in Hardwar for a few days and perhaps you will encounter someone who is going to Badrinath."

It was ten o'clock in the evening and we retired for the night. Next morning, to my unhappy surprise, the Great Yogi Puriji was found to have left for Badrinath.

"It takes all kinds of people to make a world," is one of your proverbs. We all have our **madnesses**. One is madly in pusuit of gold, or women, or men, and still another mad in the thirst for knowledge—me, I was mad with admiration for the Great Puriji. Life apart from him, now that I had tasted his magnetic personality and felt the radiance of his great and holy soul, was dull and flavorless. To rejoin him occupied my entire mind. That he was to be at Badrinath and Kandarnath, temples of perpetual snow which all Hindus desire to see, increased the anticipation of again enjoying his companionship.

## CHAPTER VII.

**HASTINAPUR**

Hastinapur or Indraprasta were ancient capitals of India in the time of King Yodhastar. They are often mentioned in the Mahabarata and are ever fresh in the memory of Hindus. Old as it is public attention is drawn to it like a magnet. Now the city is in ruins, but part of the thirty-mile wall still stands.

I had come to the suburbs of Hastinapur for the warm clothing the Master said I required. He told me of this place the night before he left Hardwar, promising that the clothing would be given me without charge. When I located the house I was greeted by a kindly old mother who welcomed me sincerely. She insisted I first partake of a good meal which she set before me. "You wont have another good meal like it until you again meet the Master," she kindly told me. After the repast she brought cloth to me such as I had never before seen.

"Oh, mother," I protested, "surely it isn't necessary that I wear such warm clothing." I felt I could not put it on.

"Indeed, son, you'll be glad to have it," she smilingly said. "But you don't need to wear it here," she added.

The clothing I noted was made of camel's hair. The good mother supplied me with extra garments

which I gratefully accepted. About my trip she seemed to know everything and she urged me, "Son, do not turn back at Kandarnath. If you do you will miss the most beautiful temples. Go on and on, be afraid of nothing, for you are blessed in having a great protector. You cannot realize how very fortunate you are. I made the trip myself ten years ago and you who are young I know will come safely out of the Himalayas. I give you my blessing, son. Now go."

With her gracious blessing echoing in my ears I left her generous hospitality. Before me rose the long chain of snow-capped peaks, a wonderland to moderns and ancients. No one would forego the opportunity of gazing on the awful, sublime and solitary grandeur of these time-defying peaks. Relentless time in its onslaught has not been able to leave the faintest trace of passing.

There were numberless caves ahead of me, (caves abound, each with its special history) which sheltered Sadhus and Yogis, kept by Munis. In one I had the good fortune to meet an elderly man. We journeyed along together, he pointing out locales of interest. There, Sadhu Kinner sits on that great slab of stone overhanging a deep gorge and sweetly plays his flute; there, the Great Rishi Veyas used to spend his summers writing the Mahabarata (he also divided the Vedas into four parts). There, Rishi Agastya has his hermitage in that lonely secluded spot, and all about us the air was harmonious with the poignantly sweet piping of flutes.

Look, on yonder slope, Arjuna, the hero of the Mahabarata, fulfilled his penance for the peerless weapon **gonddeva** from the God Shiva—with it he was victorious over great warriors—Bhism, Karna and a host of others.

From here one gazes upon the most beautiful peaks of the Himalayas, more than seventy-five of which are from 20,000 to 25,000 feet high. There the stately Nanda Devi (25,689) with her sister Kermet Devi (25,375) proudly support their snowy mantles, their heads gleaming with icy diamonds.

Hardwar at the foot of the Sewalike Range, marks the spot where the Ganges River leaves the Himalayas. It is the door as well to Badrinath and Kandarnath.

Ahead one can see everlasting snow. A few hours brings one to Kankhal, the capital of Daksha, father of Sati, who was the embodiment of chastity and fidelity. She could not bear to hear the slightest aspersion on the fair name of her husband Siva. She preferred death and gave up her body in the very presence of her father, showing the world the loyalty and duty of a devoted wife. Siva came and took the half-burned body of his beloved wife on his shoulder and then in terrible anger caused a downpour of rain which threatened the earth with destruction. The God Deva came to the rescue, proclaiming to the world that pure love is victorious over death.

A walk of a few hours brought us to a place Rishis

frequent, where they sit in concentration, focusing their minds, literally bringing their minds to one point. Many Rishis sat in Samadhi and no one could fail to see and feel the utter calm and peace they emanated. We did not linger here however, as our desire was to reach Lashimanjholla.

Here, Lashiman, the brother of Sri Rama spent some time after he had won the war of Ramayain against the demon Raven. Lashiman loved his brother Sri Rama with more than a brotherly love, for he is known as the great lover of Rama. Lashiman was a perfect Master, one among thirteen great masters of India who had themselves under absolute control.

We met Yogis, Swamis, a few Rishis, many Sadhus and Sanyasi gathered here in the holy place from the four corners of India. I met a man who knew me and my family. To my surprise he knew my relatives better than I did. I tried to ascertain who he was, but I could learn nothing about him and he did not enlighten me. We stopped at Swarge Ashram.

Lashimanojholla is an ideal place for study. Its natural beauty is embellished by a great suspension bridge, the gift of a wealthy man. Many times I heard the story of Sadhu Baba Kabaliwala who built these great dharma salas for those desiring to go on to Badrinath and Kandarnath. All necessities of food and clothing were to be given these travelers, like myself, every aid to render their journey as comfortable as possible. This benevolent old Sadhu left

this world at an advanced age.

My friends at Lashimanjholla urged me to remain until I could find company to Badrinath, but I told them the Great Master Puriji had promised to meet me at Badrinath and I thought it well to push on at once for I would have been grieved to keep him waiting, besides I wanted to accompany him to Muktinath. It is very, very far to Muktinath they told me. If you take the safe road you will be compelled to go far into the interior of Tibet and the journey will take at least nine months. "But the Great Master is going with me through the Trans-Himalaya Pass," I exclaimed.

"In that case," a friend spoke up, "you will not be more than two and one-half months on the road."

Next morning I bade them farewell and guided by the white peaks, which were scintillating in the sun, I journeyed on the road to Badrinath. The trail followed the valley of the Ganges, sometimes thousands of feet above the river bed and again down beside the coursing water. A welcome short cut over the shoulder of a hill was matched by a long crawling roundabout trail, but always the holy Ganges was in view, furiously rushing along in a headlong effort to reach the plain. Here one enjoys an excellent view of the beautiful Ganges Valley. The same up and down route continues. I climbed one hour only to descend the next, but always along the bed of the stream. A narrow, very narrow path along the edge of a high precipice led into Devaprayag.

This is a fine little city on the slope of a hill at the confluence of Alaknanda and the Bhagirathi. Bhagirathi rises near Gangotri and meets the Alaknanda at Devaprayag. The grand sight of two mountain streams rushing to greet each other in the midst of high mountains is really beyond my power to describe. The roar of the waters is terrific, more terrific than I have heard elsewhere. I have seen Niagara Falls but it is not comparable to the awe-inspiring view up the gorge where the two tumultuous rivers meet in a swirl of mad waters, rushing frenziedly into one another's embrace. The whirling spray from the torrent covered me as I stood above the roaring wedding of the waters.

There seemed always a companion at hand when I needed one and I met a stranger who was heading for Badrinath. Together we followed the road beside the river and came to Billiaw Kedra, another place of penance for Sri Krishna's favorite, Arjuna. Here he petitioned the God Siva for weapons to fight the holy war of right and duty. Holy vibrations pervade Billiaw Kedra and are easily discernible to one who is conscious of himself.

From Billiaw Kedra we went to Srinagar. This is not the Srinagar of Kashmir, but Srinagar which is built upon the site of the ancient capital of old Tehri, an independent kingdom swept away by a devastating flood which carried everything in its path to death.

Then we were on to Rudra where we planned to

stay the night. My stranger-companion seemed familiar with the locality and history of the points of interest, so traveling with him was a pleasure. Rudra is the junction of two rivers and two roads, the river Mandakini will bring one into Kandarnath and the Alaknanda stream flows into Badrinath.

## CHAPTER VIII

**BADRINATH**

After resting overnight in Rudra we joyfully started on the Badrinath road. Anticipation lightened our feet and hearts; soon we would see Badrinath where one feels every man his brother and akin to all mankind.

Our first stop was at Ukhimath, named for Usha of Annirudra; Usha who won fame in the Mahabarata wars. The city stands on the ruins of the ancient kingdom of the great King Ban.

Now we made our way through a deep forest until we reached the valley of Alaknanda. The river runs a meandering course, now over upland, then down into little gorges, and since the road hugs the river it makes the route long but picturesque. About midday we reached Joshimath the seat of a monastery founded by Sankaracharya. Later in the day we paused at the Great Hannuman Chatty. Hannuman of the Baner family, the first to cross from India to Ceylon by air, 10,000 years ago. Hannuman was an ardent lover of Sri Rama. It is said that Hannuman was once asked the date and he replied, "How should I know the date; I only know Rama. Wherever I look I see my Rama and Rama is forever enshrined in my heart."

The Chatty of Hannuman was sanctified by a Yajna\*, held in times of yore. The ashes still remain

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\*Yajna—Sacrifice by fire.

revealing what a huge holocaust it was after 10,000 years have elapsed.

Badrinath at last! Beautiful and holy Badrinath, whose beauty is not only of nature but of spirit. Here men are truly brothers. Caste is laid aside and here at the same refectory of Lashmi the four castes of Hindus eat together in amity and equality. It may be difficult to realize just what this putting off of caste means to the Hindu. Hindus of high caste do not eat the food prepared by an inferior caste. Yet here in Badrinath the centuries old prejudices are laid aside and men meet on an equal footing—in brotherly love. It is a triumph of the spirit.

Towering over Badrinath stands Naryan and Nara, two high peaks crowned in silvery snow. They are named in honor of two great Rishis who lived there. Many learned venerable men come to Badrinath for the supreme renunciation. The Hindu religion teaches that every person at the age of seventy-five should retire from household duties and meditate upon the Brahm\* within. When divine realization comes to them it is their duty to impart their knowledge and help others to find the divinity within. I had the pleasure of meeting and conversing with many of these learned men.

I was reunited with the Great Master Bhagavanji at Badrinath. Inquiries among the other Yogis as to the time of arrival of the Master Puriji elicited the in-

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\*Brahm—God.

formation that he arrived the morning following the night I parted from him. The Yogis said they didn't know by which road he came—simply that he was sitting in the temple on that particular morning. A journey which had taken me half a month had taken the Great One part of one night!

Master Bhagavanji at the time of our reunion was about to deliver a lecture to those who had come up to Badrinath to renounce the world. He began by saying:

"Oh my brothers, who are myself, I am indeed glad to see you desire to live the divine life. Enjoyment of all material things is the object of world existence, but renunciation of all desires is the enjoyment of all. Renunciation is not only physical rejection or self-denial, but it is also a freeing of the spirit from the things of the world; freedom from egoism, freedom from personal desire; practice these and you will never need anything of the world. It is not necessary to possess nor to be possessed by any one or anything. Your heart must be free of the greedy demands of the senses.

"When you live the divine life you are like a lotus flower afloat upon water which touches you not. You will find your reflection in all, be possessed by all and possess all in Brahm. Brahma inhabits each object as if separately, yet all objects are in Brahma—not outside it. Realize the one self, let go the poor ego who has kept you in darkness. It has made you believe you

are separate when in reality you possess the whole world in the one cosmic consciousness. Since you possess all, why crave for one thing?

"Realizing your oneness with Brahm you are free to delight in all things. Never a desire need disturb the tranquility of your mind for do you not possess all and share in the enjoyment of all? You delight in universal self-expression, instead of puny individual self-expression. In all, you are all, and all is Brahm! You are purged of self and merged in the Great Self of Brahma. Such a one is a free soul—jiwan mukti—living in the universe in full activity yet above the universe like Brahma himself."\*

In Badrinath I met many old men, old in years but not in appearance. They were reticent about giving their ages and I could not guess accurately from their calm faces and upright stature. They knew how to take superlative care of themselves and most of them were not under the law of nature. They were developed far beyond the necessity of submitting to Nature. In fact, they survived in a temperature of twenty degrees below zero, protected only by a loin cloth. Judging by appearance one might think this one or that one was eighty years of age when in reality he was more likely a hundred and sixty.

Master Bhagavanji was anxious for me to be on my way to Mansrawar, promising to meet me there.

\*It is difficult to render in English, which is not my native tongue, the vivid and lucid expression of the Great Master. I can but point out the meaning of his words without his eloquent expression.

## CHAPTER IX

## KANDARNATH

Badrinath and Kandarnath are but twelve miles apart but there isn't a direct route between these two temples. To expedite my journey I returned to Rudra from Badrinath and followed the road beside the Mandakini River. Traveling along I came to a lovely old temple — Tri jugi narayan — built on the spot where Mahadeo and Parvati were joined in marriage satya juga (millions of years) ago. (Later in this book I shall explain the four yugas and state how many hundreds of thousands of years comprise one yuga, as well as the length of time which elapsed before this earth was fit for habitation.) This temple is unique in that the fire, kindled for the wedding ceremony has remained alight ever since. To put a log of wood on the great fire is an omen of good fortune in the belief of all Hindus.

A little farther on is another place—Gouri Kund\* —also miraculously endowed. The locality is extremely cold and to ameliorate this frigid atmosphere there are two tanks in the river containing water. The temperature of the water in one tank is 74° and of the other 124°. I tested the temperature myself and can authenticate it. These two tanks remain at these degrees of heat constantly. Mahadeo had them

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\*Kund—Tank.

installed for his wife Parvati that she might bathe and swim in comfort.

The ninth day of my journey was rewarded by the sight of Kandarnath, the holy of holies to Hindus, the former abode of Siva (God). It is situated at an altitude of 14,000 feet above sea level and is very beautiful—even though it is very cold. Looking out to the summit of the Himalayas one can see the Mandakini River like a glistening white snake wending its way past Kandarnath. "Where does the river go?" I inquired. "To Mahaprastan," was the answer, "where gather highly developed souls."

Immediately I made an effort to locate Master Puriji. "Is he here?" I asked the Yogis.

"Make yourself at home," they answered me. "Master Bhagavanji will be here at nine o'clock this evening."

I thought I was keeping a very alert watch for the Master but to my surprise I found him in the temple, apparently sitting in Samadhi. Soon all in the temple began to chant: "Om tat sat Om." Within a few moments I heard the Master's voice join in the chant—which continued until ten o'clock. Everyone then paid his respects to the Master and retired. It is a rule in all temples the inmates shall retire by eleven o'clock and be up at four in the morning.

The Master did not speak privately to me that night, though I had my share of his welcome to the newcomers whom he asked if they found it difficult to reach the holy temple. (Anyone with good health can

make the trip to Badrinath and Kandarnath because of the numerous sarahs or inns along the way, especially for the convenience of travelers to the holy temples. During the summer months these houses are maintained by men who have various articles for sale, but the shelter afforded and wood for a fire are always free. Travel to Badrinath and Kandarnath should be undertaken from March to July. In August the rain begins. Prior to March it is very cold, but still the trip can be made if one has sufficiently warm clothing. There is never any danger if one be accompanied by a Master, but all are not so fortunately blessed in having such august company. Swamis or Sadhus, however, make excellent comrades for they are accustomed to long hard climbs in mountainous country.)

I met Yogi Santokh Santi next morning but I don't know the name of him who presented me. "Santokh" means contentment and "Santi" peace—Yogi Santokh Santi was the embodiment of these virtues. Upon his calm face one read control of his enemies—anger, fear, lust, greed and envy. It was an edifying pleasure to meet this Yogi and I was doubly pleased when I learned from the Great Master that Yogi Santi would accompany me on my trip higher up in the Himalayas. But to my astonishment I noted the good Yogi had but one kabali\*—it was hardly more then a thin blanket, and later I discovered it was all the clothing he desired.

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\*Kabali—Robe.

From another Yogi I learned something of the life of Santokh Santi. His real name was not known but thirty years previous when the Yogis were going on foot from one holy place to another they first heard of him in Rajputana. People told them a young man of twenty-five years of age was sitting in a wood a hundred miles distant from any village. He had neither clothing nor food and would not speak when addressed. Some of the villagers thought him demented but others, the few who had seen him said he did not have the expression of insanity. The Yogis, it seemed, did not visit the man at that time as they were on their way to the Maha Kumbha.

In the Punjab, which they visited on their way back from the mella, a wealthy elderly woman seeing they were a company of forty travelers, told them of her missing son whose absence grieved her keenly begging them for news of him. The Yogis answered they knew nothing of him. Upon which the poor, heart-broken mother collapsed. When she recovered somewhat she acquainted them with all the details of her boy's disappearance and the Yogis promised to be on the look-out for him to send him directly home to his mother. They bade her not to worry—"Jo hai jo hai"—what will be, will be!

"'I have much money,' she said, 'but only one son. He left home six months ago and I feel certain I shall again see him, probably in the company of holy men, as from childhood he preferred the society of holy

men—or else wished to be left alone.'

"From one end of India to the other we traveled," the narrator continued, "but not a word did we hear of the son. Twelve years intervened and again we passed through the Rajputana and again we heard the story of the man in the wood. This time we sent two Yogis to investigate the remarkable tale of the villagers. We instructed our brothers to bring the man to Hardwar, to the Maha Kumbha.

"Eight days later the two Yogis rejoined us in Hardwar. Yes, they had found the man, but he was no ordinary man—he was a Yogi, victorious over Nature and himself, but since he would not reply to the questions asked him they left him where he was.

"After the mella we all wished to see this man who sat for twelve years in an isolated forest without food or clothing. There were more than forty in the party, even the Great Master was one of us. At the village where news of this man was first given us we were joined by fifty villagers. We reached the wood, and there before us sat the man, motionless, his eyes open. He gave no sign he saw or heard us—he was in Samadhi.

"'Let us chant,' quietly spoke our Great Master.

"And so we did, for thirty minutes—then we observed his lips were moving in the familiar chant, though no sound issued from his lips.

"'Perhaps his speech is lost,' Master Bhagavanji

said, 'since he has not spoken for twelve years.'

"Our beloved Master went forward and greeted him, calling him 'Yogi Santokh Santi'. From that time we have called him Santokh Santi. We remained in the wood a week, the Master holding long and earnest converse with the new Yogi, but we did not know of what they spoke. In the course of the week we discovered Santokh Santi was the son of the good woman in the Punjab and we endeavored to send him home to her, but he refused, saying, 'Why should I go back? I am free now.'

"He finally agreed to leave the wood and thereupon began a journey to all the holy temples of India.

"He has been over India and knows well the mountains and caves. Witness of his extraordinary power is the condition of his body, which remains just the same as we saw him first so many years ago—a wonderful achievement. If Yogi Santokh Santi goes with you," he concluded, "you need not worry about the exigencies of travel."

Master Bhagavanji gave a short lecture on unity, similarity, or oneness. He commenced by stating that Om\* is real, all else is unreal. Enlarging upon this theme he compared reality and Maya (illusion).

"In sleep," said he, "one may dream he is fighting or running, seemingly doing actual work. Awake he

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\*Om—Aum—A sacred word signifying "trinity," also the primary sound: the first vocal effort: a basic vibration of the ether. Used extensively as a chant word by Hindus.

realizes that in truth he was lying upon his bed—his dream was illusion.

“Think of cold and heat—are they two? No, they are one. If we have not cold we know not heat. If you take one away the other will lose its name.

“Knowledge and ignorance are one. If we have not ignorance what will force us to acquire knowledge? That is why we say ‘bless ignorance,’ for by it we acquire knowledge. If we do not have ignorance neither can we have knowledge. They are one. Take one away the other also is lost. If you have not ignorance you must call knowledge by another name. As though we had but one color—we would never know other colors.

“Brahma or God is one—so spirit is one. Many people seek spirit in others but how can they see it if not first seeing it in themselves? Blessed are those who realize the unity, the oneness of all. They will be twice blessed, if after seeing God in themselves, they help others to find their divinity, their God within.”

Sometime later Master Puriji announced that three of us desired to go to Muktinath and other holy temples farther in the Himalayas. Master Bhagavanji graciously promised to meet us many times at various places.

My companion of the past fifteen days addressed the Master and asked him to explain how he reached Kandarnath in a few moments when we consumed nine days in travel. “What is the se-

cret?" he wanted to know.

"There is no secret," the Master answered. "We do not have secrets. We use the same force that has been used in India for thousands of years. Guru Gorkhnath used it, so also did Guru Nanik. Many followers of Buddha have made use of it, did you not know?"

The man also asked how a man could make his body lighter than air.

"By controlling the center of the heart-nerve which has an affinity with air. If you wish to know more about it any Yogi here will show you the method," the Master finished.

## CHAPTER X

**MANSRAWAR LAKE**

Next morning found us three on our way to the famous Lake Mansrawar. On our departure the Yogis gave us their blessings and we all said, "Farewell until we meet again." About us stood the giant peaks, from 22,000 to 29,000 feet high, their tops white with perpetual snow. No road was visible ahead of us but we followed the River Mandakini. The day was beautiful, just a little cold wind from the west. One among us, Yogi Santokh Santi had been over the trail before, but two of us were new. Since Yogi Santi did not speak unless spoken to—we asked him where we'd spend the night.

"Why worry now about the night, ten hours distant?" was his reply. "When night comes I will think about our resting place. Have you ever seen a dog or bird carry food while traveling? Take a lesson from them. Now don't bother your heads about where we'll stop tonight, but spend your time gazing at the beauty of the majestic mountains and observe how this river madly rushes to meet the Ganges, there to lose name and form. In turn the Ganges flows swiftly to the sea, there to lose her identity. Learn from these mountains and rivers and realize the nothingness of worry. Be concerned with the present, the future will take care of itself."

From then on we really enjoyed the scenery—the ever changing perspectives of the noble mountains, themselves immutable. Such a sense of peace and calm pervaded us that I have never been happier or calmer than when in the Himalayas. Wonderful vibrations permeate the atmosphere, vibrations of vibrant life and joy as well as peace. It is not to be wondered at for everywhere some great Rishi has lived. Even where we walked the marvelous Rishi Narain spent his lifetime meditating along this same pathway, and there had lived the Rishi Nara. Everywhere the vibrations of great masters!

I asked Yogi Santi if he knew whether the five brothers had trod this path. "Not once, but many times," he exclaimed. "Once alone, another time with their mother and again with the good Darupati, the pride of womankind."

As we were all full of joy we did not notice it was four o'clock. The sun was setting as it does very early in the mountains, the peaks obscuring the declining sun. Yogi Santi said we would walk two hours more and then rest for the night.

In two hours we reached a little cave. If we had been without Yogi Santi we would certainly never have seen it—its entrance just large enough for a man to crawl into.

Up at four the next morning, our concentration and meditation brought the time to 5:30 and again we were on our way. When we saw a particularly lovely view we sat down for a time and admired it before

resuming our journey.

Early in the afternoon Yogi Santokh called a halt remarking we would stop there for the night as the next cave was sixteen hours walk ahead. I undertook to climb a peak, but I didn't reach the top before sundown and so returned to camp about seven in the evening.

Some days we walked eight hours and others sixteen. It all depended on the Yogi who knew the location of the caves exactly.

At last we were at Mahaprasthan, place of marvels. We met a party of three men and two women. They all looked very old and seemed former friends of Yogi Santi. For a long time they talked together and then asked us to remain all the next day. For myself I was willing to keep right on, thinking we should not lose any time with five hundred miles ahead. "Son," the gentle voice of one of the aged women broke in on my reflections, "why worry about five hundred miles?" Needless to say I was astounded at her facile reading of my mind.

We remained the next day and I was glad I had not insisted on leaving. They showed us many wonderful things, but also required me to promise I would not reveal what I saw. For that reason I am constrained to withhold what I should gladly give out to my readers. I am, however, in touch with these people and with their consent, will in the future describe in detail the marvels performed by their transcendent power.

Just as I was about to retire for the night, when I stood looking into a clear sky lit by the luminous moon, I heard a long drawn out sound of "OM," then a long "Jai kara." Succeeding one another I heard at least twenty of those echoes. I did not remark this to my friend who sat peacefully by, evidently oblivious to the sounds.

Nearer and nearer came the reverberations. I waited with anxiety to know what portended but two hours later the cause of the echoes appeared—a great host of Yogis of the Punjab whom I had once before met. People call them "jati tapi paven hari dudahhari." They practice penances, contentment, live on Prana (some on milk) but always keep their bodies fit. The party had just come from Mansrawar Lake and Muktinath, beginning their trip at Darjeeling.

We spent another day at Mahaprasthan to hear about their journey. I spoke with many of them in the course of the day and noted a number were bare-footed and the majority wore only loin cloths yet they gave no evidence of hardship. It was surely worth while to sacrifice the extra day and listen to the account of their experiences and advice to me. "If you feel any different than usual when you reach the high altitudes," they told me, "son, stop and rest for a day or so. Also you will find because you do not eat meat you will endure and be able to climb to greater heights than a meat eater, for meat dis-

turbs the thyroid gland. Milk and eggs are the proper diet for mountain-climbers."

I haven't any proof but inference as to the truth of their statement, but I have noticed in Colorado Springs many people complain of dizziness and difficulty in breathing when they ascend Pike's Peak, which I walk up and experience no hardship at all, as it is a mere 13,300 feet high. True, too, they make the ascent in motor cars and without effort of their own.

To my delighted surprise Master Bhagavanji appeared that evening right out of the air! It is a thrilling sight, but I was the only one astonished; the others knew him and his powers so well.

"Master, Master," I greeted him, "you are wonderful, a supreme Master!"

"Why, son?" he deprecated.

"I have heard and read of transporting the body through air but I never before have seen a man perform the miracle," I excitedly exclaimed.

"Pooh, miracle," he retorted, "it is nothing. Any one can do it."

"How?" I cried.

"By practice," was the answer. "Even in twelve years or sooner than that."

"Tell me, Master, does any other man do as you? You are here now and in a few moments you are five hundred or a thousand miles away."

"Son, that large company sitting about here know how to travel by air and have done so in coming here. Last night they came hundreds of miles. Knowing

you were here as well as others to whom such sights are strange and phenomenal, they came down some three miles from Mahaprasthan and walked here, chanting. If you wish you may ask them if this is not true."

I did ask them and at first they were inclined to give me but little satisfaction, asking me if I thought them birds—but when I told them the source of my knowledge they admitted the truth of the flight. Rising they sought the Master for a lecture on tree and plant life.

#### Master Puriji lectures:

"In all of our religious books we are told that life is one; the Upanishads have a most wonderful explanation of the unity, the unbroken continuity of the life-principle—the oneness of life. The Sasters proclaim plants breathe, eat, their hearts beat and their sensitive nerves respond to conditions of cold, heat and moisture as do our own.

"The time approaches when it will be universally conceded that everything has life\*. Who believes that man alone is susceptible to pain and pleasure? There are those who blindly think that even animals feel no

\*The July 17th, 1927, issue of the Post-Intelligencer at Seattle, Washington, carries a double page article from Professor J. C. Bose's new book—"Plant Autographs and Their Revelations"—published by the McMillan Company of New York. Professor Bose is an Indian Scientist whose research in plant reactions is accepted as authentic by the scientific world.

An excerpt from the article follows:

"Plants have hearts that beat, nerves that feel pain, are deadened by anesthetics, become intoxicated by alcohol, worn out by fatigue and benumbed or killed by poison, like those of human beings.

"Most of the vegetable kingdom is hard of hearing but its sight in some ways is better than ours, its sense of taste is eight times more acute, and it has all our senses in greater or less degree. A pea being cooked for dinner gives off a volt of electricity in its death agony and the humble carrot is the most sensitive of all."

pain when kicked and abused. How untrue that is! Birds, animals, fish, insects and plants are all capable of experiencing pain. Go to an animal with your hands full of green grass and they will come forward to meet you; but go to them with a club in your hand and they will run to escape you. Is not that the truth?

"Trees have many of the sensations men feel—not only pain but actual unconsciousness results from too much pain as it does in man. To one who is sensitive to life the recoil of a tree when cut is plainly evident.

"Plants have lungs, hearts and nervous systems akin to our own. These facts can be demonstrated and will in the near future be demonstrated by scientists to the material world, with delicately balanced instruments which will record the degree of sensation felt.

"Every form of life has consciousness to a greater or lesser degree. Plants and trees may be deaf, but they are as acutely aware as human beings. Poison kills them as it does humans. Unfortunately we cannot understand their language nor they ours or they might have many interesting anecdotes of our blindness to reveal. Some of the greater changes we do remark. We see their joy in summer, their withered barrenness in winter, but other conditions are just as conspicuous if we did but heed them. They sleep, both trees and plants—they even pray! When the temple bells call the faithful to prayer these 'praying trees' fold in their leaves, and genuflect and remain bowed

in reverence until the last intonation of the bells has faded into a whisper.

"Our Beloved Masters have said when we abuse anything we are committing a crime against nature, yet man lives by the slaughter of countless lives. We draw breath and millions perish, even though it is millions of microbes! The abundant life in water, grain, and all earth products must give their minute lives to nourish and sustain our life."

When the Master concluded his lecture he turned to the jati tapi paven hari dudadhari party and asked, for my benefit I was sure, where they had come from. They replied they had come from Muktinath to Lake Mansrawar and then to Mahaprasthan. It was indeed true they had jumped in one day hundreds of miles!

Early the next morning I was impatient to start for the lake, but the Master informed me we would not leave until noon as "Sonny" was expected and he would like to make one of the party. Wondering who "Sonny" was I asked Yogi Santi about him. "A young Masut Bhahora," he answered, and his voice was tender. "Poor child, he likes to go wherever I go. You'll be glad to see him as he is forever laughing and singing."

My curiosity was rewarded at ten o'clock for there was the laughing boy! Full of joy, he gave expression to it by constant singing and lilting laughter that charmed my ears—the kind of laughter that lightens the sad spirit and heals the sick. "Laughing Sonny"

brought calm and peace wherever he went. Never before nor since have I met anyone like the Masut Bhabhara who continually expressed divine joy. He was a child without fear, even of death, and absolutely untiring! When he arrived in Mahaprasthan he had walked more than a night and a day, yet he was gaily ready to go right on. The Master, however, insisted on Sonny's resting for two hours.

At noon we were on our way, Laughing Sonny the fourth member of our party. He sang blithely all the time, the sweetness and beauty of his singing I have no words to express.

About a mile out Yogi Santi asked Sonny why he did not remain in the city. "Ah, Master," the boy lovingly answered, "I could not stay away when I heard you were going to make a trip around the Himalayas. The very day I heard the report I started and every day I walked sixteen hours endeavoring to overtake you. So here I am, Master dear, to see the beautiful places I have often told you I longed to see."

Perhaps a little history of Laughing Sonny would be welcomed by my readers. When Sonny was a boy of ten years he first saw Yogi Santi sitting beneath a tree in Sonny's home village, in winter time—sitting there with no clothing to protect him from the cold. His mind was instantly made up to learn the secret of doing likewise. Every day he went to the Yogi's lodging. But one day a month later he went only to find the Yogi gone, for it was during the period of Yogi Santokh's wanderings throughout the length

and breadth of Hindustan. His beloved Yogi gone and no one could tell him where! Disheartened he returned home, to fall ill.

His malady didn't yield to the tender care of his mother and father nor even to the Hakim\*.

His mother grieved and worried declared she would do anything to restore her boy to health and happiness.

"Will you do anything, Mother?" the boy eagerly asked.

"Yes, Son, anything to help you."

"But, Mother, I am afraid you will not let me do the one thing in this world to make me happy," and the boy sank back dejectedly.

"Yes, Son, I will. I promise you," she replied tenderly.

"Then, Mother, do you remember the Yogi who was here last month?"

"Yes, I know who you mean. Many times I told you that you loved him better than your mother."

"Oh, you know it is true, Mother. I love him more than anyone in the world—that's why I'm ill. Please, please," he begged piteously. "Let me go after him; then I will be happy and well when I see him again."

The distracted woman said nothing more but awaited her husband. To him she told the story. They hoped and felt time would heal the boy's infatuation

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\*Hakim—Physician.

for the Yogi, but month after month slipped away without a change for the better in the boy's condition.

The neighborhood on learning the cause of the lad's continual lassitude, advised the parents to take the boy to the Yogi. From city to city the little family journeyed but not until fifteen days later did they find the Yogi, who was innocently responsible for their boy's unhappiness.

When Laughing Sonny saw Yogi Santi whom he loved so well, he brightened and glowed with joy. A few days wrought such an improvement in the boy that the parents took him home. Absence from his heart's desire sickened the little lad and again he lapsed into lassitude.

Months, weary months for the boy passed but his sick abstraction continued until the parents were so alarmed they were forced to again seek the Yogi, whom they induced to return for a short time to the village. He could not remain there forever, he who had forsaken his dearest, and when again he left, Laughing Sonny stole away and followed. When he overtook his adored Master, Yogi Santi hoped to discourage his devotion by rough treatment. To this the boy submitted with a laugh, so that finally the Yogi and the boy were united in a loving understanding. Yogi Santokh fondly named him "Laughing Sonny."

The four of us trudged on to the lad's singing, one man and myself warmly clothed—but Yogi Santi and his adoring disciple had very little to protect them

merely a kaboli, a thin blanketlike robe loosely wrapped about them. I wondered at Sonny's laughter and joyous song—how he kept so cheerful, as cheerful as if he was in the warm temple, for this was not the temple, but bitter cold, 18,000 feet up on the Mount Nanda Devi! The peak was glorious and the rare, frosty air vitalizing if biting. We all felt exquisite vibrations as we sang the song of Nanda Devi. Nanda Devi was a learned lady who called this mountain home. The Rishis named the peak in her honor. No other or higher spires were visible from where we stood and we had the sensation of standing atop the universe.

We walked on snow and I noted with a pang that Sonny's poor canvas shoes whose inadequacy I noticed at Mahaprasthan were now gone! Not a thing on his feet. I could't take my thoughts from his poor bare feet. Unable to endure it any longer I asked him if he was not suffering. Laughingly he answered he wasn't used to wearing shoes in the country, and the soles of his feet had become leathery, until, said he, "They were like an animal's padded paws. Now forget my feet, Brother, I'm not cold, and let us enjoy the lovely mountain."

In a few hours we caught up with Yogi Santi who had outdistanced us. When he saw the bare feet of Sonny he sat down and removed his own shoes and gave them to Sonny, who promptly refused them, saying he would die of cold before taking his Master's

boots. "Please, Master," he begged, "keep your shoes on your feet, oh please!" Yogi Santi walked on. The Yogi really did not need the boots as he was above heat and cold. He had proved it amply in his long sojourn of twelve years in the wood.

Sonny tied the boots about his neck—he would not put his Master's shoes upon his feet.

That day we crossed the mountains and entered the Trans-Himalaya Pass, heading toward the beautiful Lake Mansrawar and I am still wondering who had made the numerous caves along our path—every night we had no trouble in finding shelter in a cave. Yogi Santi always knew the exact location of a convenient cave.

At night we cosily reclined in the cave — while Yogi Santi sat in Samadhi. When he awakened from Samadhi he tossed Sonny a new pair of shoes! I was completely dumb-founded. Where had he obtained them I asked myself there wasn't a village — there simply wasn't any means but his power. He had done as Kambir, who, sitting with his disciple suddenly overturned the water jar. The surprised disciple asked why he spilled the drinking water and Kambir answered that the city of Mathura was burning and he threw the water on the fire to save the city. But the disciple didn't believe, and Kambir, reading his mind, sent him to Mathura. The man found part of the city in ashes. Inquiry revealed a wild fire had broken out but Master Kambir arrived in time to save the city. Kambir had gone in his mental body and extinguish-

ed the flames.

Likewise I believe Yogi Santi brought that pair of shoes for his beloved disciple.

For many days we didn't see a person. Tibet lay before us and there were the grazing herds of yak and sheep which the Tibetans brought into the mountains for summer pasture.

We were making good time. Our descent was rapid from Nanda Devi, the highest peak in this locality (25,656 feet). It was the first time in my life I had climbed to such an altitude. I was confident from then on we would have but little vicissitude as we had overcome the highest pass.

A few days and we arrived at Lake Mansrawar, where we met a Yogi and a Tibetan. The latter spoke broken Sanskrit and Hindustani. While Yogi Santi talked with them we enjoyed the beauty of the lake.

We rested for nearly four hours beside the limpid mountain lake whose beauty was like a jewel reflecting the green of surrounding forest and snowy peaks.

An hour's walk further and we were welcomed at a little temple set in a grove of trees, whose seclusion was ideal. A small company of Yogis greeted our party now supplemented by the two Yogis we encountered at Mansrawar Lake. A bright sun sent a grateful warmth through our chilly bodies. We learned that days were comfortably warm at the lake but the nights were cold.

Next morning an elderly man said he had spoken

with Master Bhagavanji the previous evening and the Master would not be here until fifteen days later. He sent us the message to make ourselves comfortable and await him if we liked—but at least rest at the temple for a few days.

Our visit at the little temple was three days long. We occupied our time by washing our clothes and long hair. Laughing Sonny, however, wouldn't wet his hair; he was sure that water would retard its growth and he desired very long hair. He cleaned his hair with ashes as I had seen some of the Yogis do who had locks ten and fifteen feet in length; ashes seemed beneficial to the growth of hair.

Bird songsters beguiled our spirits with exquisite melody—only at Brindavan had I heard their equal. The charming lake, the sweet singers and the peaceful little temple lured me to stay, but Yogi Santi wanted to be on the trail. To my questions about the lake's history he protested ignorance, yet the twinkle in his eyes belied his jesting. He admitted Master Bhagavanji would tell me the whole story.

"But where?" I wanted to know.

"At Muktinath." was the answer.

"We really shouldn't lose any more time," he added, "Muktinath is still far away and there are just as beautiful temples farther on. You will want to remain a little while at Pora tat sanga the highest temple in the world. Anyway," he looked intently at

me, "what is it about this place that makes you so unwilling to leave?"

"The food," I answered promptly.

"Never mind, every day hereafter you shall have the same food if you like it so well," he promised.

The Tibetan Yogis insisted on our taking passes with us to avoid any difficulty that might arise in a country strange to us. The good old Lama sat down and wrote out two passes. "There are four of us," I corrected him, "Laughing Sonny and Yogi Santi must also have passes."

"They don't need passes," he declared, "you and your companion may, especially if you are parted from Yogi Santi and Sonny. By showing the passes you can enter any part of Tibet."

We exchanged blessings and separated.

## CHAPTER IX

## MUKTINATH

Reluctantly I departed from Lake Mansrawar whose shores were dotted by cottages and people—so reluctantly that Yogi Santokh chided me for my absent mindedness. "Come, come," he said sternly. "You can't derive any good from where we are now traveling if you don't forget the lake. We have much yet to see."

"What but temples?" I returned discontentedly.

"Master Bhagavanji will show you many wonderful things." There was reproof in his tones.

The mention of Master Puriji recalled I wanted to ask Yogi Santi why the Master did not give his message directly to him, Santi?

"Why," the holy one answered, "we were guests of the Lama. It was only right for the Master to address our host."

This silenced me quite effectually.

There were a number of roads but Yogi Santi took the shortest route even though it meant passing fewer villages.

In an aside Laughing Sonny said to me, "Night is coming on—do not forget to ask my Master for your good food."

"Thank you, Brother," I replied, "for reminding me, but I shall not taste the good food of Mansrawar for many a long day."

"Why not?" Laughing Sonny was hurt and surprised. "Do you not believe my Master can secure anything he wishes?"

I hastily and meekly answered I did believe, of course.

We made fifteen miles that day and at nightfall we sat about expectantly awaiting food. It was then eight o'clock. The Yogi had been sitting covered by his blanket in Samadhi for half an hour. I, for one, was eager for him to move so I might ask him for food. In a few moments he called to me, "Rikhi, Rikhi, come here for your meal." I went forward and received delicious hot food from his hands. The others also were supplied and Yogi Santi ate with us. He ate but little however, usually about what a six year old child would eat.

Laughing Sonny asked me after supper if I was satisfied with his Master's provision. "Indeed, yes," I gratefully told him.

From then until we reached Muktinath we had excellent hot food each evening, provided by Yogi Santi, though he did not cook it, nor did we question him as to where he obtained it. It was food such as we always serve in India. I kept in mind however, to ask Master Bhagavanji where Yogi Santi procured the food.

Nearly a month later we arrived at Muktinath. Usually we walked from ten to fifteen hours a day. We had met no one on the way—the few travelers we sometimes saw down below us on the trail were out

of sight before we could overtake them. It was bitterly cold on Nola Pass, 17,000 feet in altitude.

On the lookout for a temple I was surprised to see none.

"Where is Muktinath?" I cried.

"Here!" and Yogi Santi preceded me to the mouth of a cave, and then, to my amazed sight a great host of Yogis came forth to greet us, among them, to my happiness, the Great Yogi Bhagavanji.

It was a natural cave, I discovered, improved by the handiwork of man.

In the morning I asked my Master Puriji to explain the mystery of the provisions Yogi Santi supplied—"Such a nice cooked meal every night, dear Master!"

"Why, son, didn't he feed you from Kandarnath to the Lake?"

"No," I answered, "we ate the chana (shulle) I got at Kandarnath."

"It is really too bad you boys had to live on chana for so many days," he sympathized. "Yes, I will explain everything, but not at this moment. There are many new Yogis here from India and Tibet and tonight they wish me to lecture on 'Meditation.'"

Night came and with it the lecture of the Supreme Master on "The Best Meditation." The Master spoke:

### MEDITATION

"You have asked me to tell you the best meditation. Read the Upanishads—there you are told the best way to meditate. **Meditation on the Self is the**

### best of all meditation.

"I will explain in brief how you may meditate upon the Self. The most sacred word of the sacred Hindu Vedas is Om. Either pronounce it or meditate upon it.

"Om is Brahma and Brahma is not different than the Self. You should look upon its letters as representative of the supreme Brahma, who differs not from thyself or Atma\*. Your mind should always be fixed upon it. There are no higher meditations than this."

### THE MUNDAKA UPANISHAD\*\*

The Master speaks: "Here in this city of Brahma (the body) is a house, a small lotus-flower (the heart) therein is a small space; what is in this must be investigated, this, verily, should one seek to know."

The Pupil speaks: "Here in this city of Brahma is a house, a small lotus-flower; herein a small space, what is then in this that it must be investigated, that one should seek to know?"

The Master: "Verily, as great as the Universe, so great is this space inwardly in the heart; in it both heaven and earth are included; both fire and wind; both sun and moon; the lightning and the stars, and what is in the world, and what is not

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\*Atma—Soul

\*\*Translation by Paul Deussen.

in the world (past and future), all that is included therein."

The Pupil: "If all this is included in the city of Brahma and all beings and all wishes—if now old age overtakes it, or corruption, what then remains over from it?"

Master: "This in us ages not with old age; nor is it reached by weapons; it is the true city of Brahma, in it are the wishes included; that is the Self (the Soul), the sinless, free from age, free from death, free from suffering, without hunger and without thirst; its wish is true, true is its resolve."

"For just as mankind here below, as though by command, aim at the goal that each one strives after, whether it be a kingdom or a field, and only live for that—(thus striving after heavenly reward are they also the slaves of their wishes); and just as here below, the enjoyment, which has been won by work vanishes away, thus also in the beyond vanishes away the reward that is won by good works.

"Therefore he who departs hence, without having known the soul and those true wishes, in all worlds his part is a life of unfreedom; but he who departs hence after he has known the soul and those true wishes, in all worlds his part is a life of freedom.

'That he pursues, and strives by deeds to reach,  
Toward which character and longing is.—  
After he has received reward  
For all that he has here performed,

He comes back from that other world  
Into this world of deeds below.'

"Thus is it with him who desires (kamayamana).

"There are two kinds of meditation on Om; one is to identify the Self with the supreme Brahma and thus to reflect and meditate profoundly on that abstract condition of impersonality which is devoid of qualities or qualifications; the other form of meditation is to meditate on Brahma attributing to Brahma the qualities of a personal God, limited necessarily by finite conception.

"Meditation upon an impersonal Brahma brings freedom; meditation upon a personal Brahma bondage, impersonal meditation alone is considered best.

"The worshippers of the personal God are actuated by the desire to enjoy the fruits of their devotion, they pray to a personal God with the idea of reward —as a reward for virtue they will remain with God for eternity, so they think. In this way desire becomes an obstacle in the way of impersonal devotion. Their desire for reward prevents them from attaining knowledge and therefore subjects them to bondage. They are never free. The personal devotees may share enjoyment with God and they may obtain knowledge sometime and be freed, but those who meditate without desire, to them knowledge comes unbidden and they are free here and now! Meditate upon the impersonal Om and be free!

"Now as to him who desires not (akamayamana).

"He who is without desire, free from desire, whose desire is stilled, who is himself his desire, his vital spirits do not depart; but God is he and into God (Brahma) he resolves himself. On this is this verse:

'When every passion utterly is gone,  
That lurks and nestles in the heart of man,  
Then finds this mortal immortality,  
Then has he reached the Brahma, the Supreme.'

"As the slough of a snake lies dead and cast away on an ant-heap, so lies this body then; but the bodiless, the immortal, the life is Brahman only—is light only—On this are these verses:

'A narrow path and old it is, which I have found and trod.  
The sage, released, upon his way to heaven took this road  
Whatever name you give to it, white, black, brown, red or green,  
This is the only path for those who have the Brahma seen;  
On this he goes, who Brahma knows,  
And does the right, in form of light.  
The man who lives in ignorance moves on to blindest gloom;  
To blinder still goes he who would by works escape his doom;  
Yea, joyless is this world for man and hidden in black night,  
And to it after death he goes who hath not learned the right  
But he whose mind the inner Self in Thought hath learned to grasp,  
Why should he longer seek to bear the body's pain and woe?  
For when a man in spite of all the stains of mortal sin,  
The great awakening to the Self hath won, and learned to see,  
Him as creator of the worlds, almighty shalt thou know.  
His is the universe, because the universe is he.  
And while we yet are here below, may we this knowledge gain,  
If not, illusion cleaves to us, brings ruin in its train.  
For they who have the knowledge are immortal though they die,  
But they who have not gained it must return to misery.  
He who God's very self in his own bosom sees—  
Lord of what was and is to come—no more he flees.'

Him 'neath whose feet the mighty tide of days and years rolls past,  
 In whom the fivefold host of things and space itself stands fast,  
 Whom gods as light of lights adore, as immortality,  
 The Brahman knows I as my deathless Self, for I am he.  
 Breath of the breath and very mind of mind,  
 Ear of the ear, and apple of the eye,  
 Who knoweth him as this hath truly seen  
 Old Brahman, who is from eternity.

Musing in spirit shall ye see:  
 That here is no plurality,  
 Their never ending death they weave,  
 Who here a manifold perceive.

The Atman is unchangeable, immense, a unity,  
 High above space and stain of sin unchanging, great is he  
 Muse upon him if thou wouldest wisdom find,  
 Use but few words—they're weariness of mind.\*

"He who interiorly and invisibly sustains the sun,  
 the earth and the intervening space in their respective  
 positions; He who sustains the life of the brain, the  
 lungs and all the various senses is the unitary inter-  
 pervading spirit—try O Men! to know Him alone and  
 leave all other intercourse. For He is the only principle  
 that leads to Immortality. Like the spokes of a  
 wheel which meet at the hub or centre, so resides the  
 interiorly governing Divine Spirit manifesting His  
 glory in ways multifarious. Contemplate Him—the  
 OM!—for thus alone can you reach with safety the  
 blessed haven far beyond the ignorance-begotten mis-  
 eries of this troubled ocean of life.

"Om is everywhere, with every living being, but  
 each object has a name and form. Now the part

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\*Acknowledgment is gratefully made to the Paul Deussen translation of  
 the Chandogya and Brihadaranyaka Upanishads.— R. S. G.

representing the form is not different than its counterpart-name; the first resembles the second; for the form of an object is its shape—for which it receives a name. The simple shape cannot determine its practical use, hence a name is needed. Then again, when form is destroyed its name continues in the end, as for example, after a cup is broken the earth from which it was produced continues; that earth is not a different substance from the cup—the two are the same. The cup is merely transformed product of earth—hence it is unreal, while its essentiality, the earth is real. There is only one essentiality, the sacred word Om; others are merely transformations. All names and forms are drawn from Om and go back to Om.

"You may ask where does Om live? It lives in a temple having nine gates—and this nine-gated temple is You!

"I will explain it more fully to you. Its head is the swarge (heaven); the sun its eye; air its respiration; ether its body; the oceanic water its urine; earth its feet and fire its mouth. It belongs to the gross and mental: besides it has nineteen mouths, five Vita airs, five active organs, five sensory organs and four internal organs. They are called mouths as through the mouth all is enjoyed, so these nineteen features have many means of enjoyment.

"The nineteen mouths have so many means of enjoyment that the fourteen organs require the assistance of their individual subjects and their presid-

ing deities (Devas). Without the assistance of the organs no enjoyment may be had. Physically and mentally these nineteen features are called triputi (three-fold). As, the organ of hearing is spiritual, and its subject, sound, is super-material; a deity presides as a guard over each organ. The organs are classified as spiritual because they give rise to action, thereby acquiring knowledge in conjunction with the internal organs. The subjects of the organs are super-materials, the presiding deities are as superior Devas. Some of the organs follow:

Spiritual	Super Material	Deity
Vision	Form	Sun
Skin (touch)	Touch	Air
Smell	Smell	Earth
Tongue	Taste	Water
Speech	Speech (words spoken)	Fire
Feet	Progression	Vishnu
Mind	Subject under consideration	Moon
Egoism	Super-material	Rudra

(Omission is made of some of the organs, such as the arms, legs and sex.)

(I am here giving a full explanation of Om! In India Om is written A-U-M—in English the brief form seems to be more acceptable—Om.)

“‘A’ is the most guttural of sounds, pronounce it and note it starts low in the throat—no human sound begins lower.

“Now speak ‘M’—you will note it is a labial, slight-

ly nasal tone.

"Now 'U'—to pronounce it you must thrust your lips forward to speak it.

"Thus the sacred word of AUM includes the whole vocal range—every other sound is in between. It is the basic and comprehensive, indicative of the infinite. This universe is made up of names and forms as I have stated before. Form is perishable but the concrete reality behind form is imperishable and that imperishable reality is denoted by Aum.

"The Hindu teacher instructs his student—'Tat—twmamu—asi' and the student having realized Truth replies—'Su ham.' Now what does this mean? Simply this: the teacher says to the student: 'Thou art that' (That being God), and the student replies: 'That I am—su ham.'

"Analyze the statement and its answer which the student gives when he has realized his Godhead 'su ham.' It contains two consonants and three vowels; the two consonants, s and h and the three vowels, a, u and m.\* The consonants cannot be pronounced unless joined to vowels. Thus in the domain of sound the consonants represent the perishable, the vowels the imperishable. S and h therefore are relegated to the domain of the perishable; a, u, m remain and form AUM—the eternal.

"O truthful inquirer, Aum is the great God. Wise men attain their objective sustained by AUM. He who

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\*According to Hindustani.

contemplates A, the first part of Aum, contemplates God in the wakeful phase, soon he becomes wise, and after death is reborn into a good family by his previous worship and leads a life of devotion, controlled passions, subdued anger, and is a searcher for truth.

"He who meditates upon 'U', the second part of Aum, the intermediate phase, obtains a glimpse of the interior world of causes and by virtue of his meditation he goes to the spiritual world.

"He who meditates upon 'M', the third part of Aum, sees God as Himself, becomes illuminated and obtains freedom even in the present.

"Meditation upon Aum, the Self, the impersonal Aum is best of all.

"It is said that he who worships the personal God, after his body dies takes the road to Partiana, the Father. The devotee's spirit ascends with the smoke of the funeral pyre (cremation exclusively—is the means of disposal in India). The smoke drifts into the night, and the night is lost in the dark half of the month. The spirit journeys from the dark nights into the six months of winter. When the sun traverses the southern arc, still the fettered spirit does not arrive at the end of the year, but passes from the months of winter to the Kingdom of the Father, thence to the moon in the ether, King Soma, king of waters; thence to the throne of Indra (God). He remains in the pleasures of Indra until Indra's debt, incurred by the devotion of the spirit, is satisfied.

"How long does Indra live?\*

"Brahma's\*\* lifetime consists of one hundred Deva years. Fifty years we are withdrawn in him. (The out-pouring and indrawn breath of Brahma). Fifty years of Brahma's life we are out of Him.

"One Deva year is equal to 360 of our years (365 days); 12,000 Devas is equal to one Maha yuga; seventy-one Maha yugas make one Manu, and fourteen Manus is the span of one night of Brahma and equally the length of His Day.\*\*\*

"A Maha yuga therefore, is 4,312,000 earth years.

"A Maha yuga is divided into four parts, thus:

The Satya yuga has 4,800 Deva years.

The Treta yuga has 3,600 Deva years.

The Drapar yuga has 2,400 Deva years.

The Kali yuga has 1,200 Deva years.

"One Manu is equal to one thousand human yugas.

"As has been stated the life-span of Brahma is one hundred Deva years. Half of the time is night and half day.

"Supposing, for the sake of illustration, that Brahma is in his fifty-first year. His day is completed and within Him everything is withdrawn while his night endures. His fifth Deva years of night vanish and everything emerges from Brahm, to obtain knowledge—for a period of one thousand Maha yugas.

\*Mystical allusion of spirit bound by personal God ideal, from "The Upanishads."

\*\*Computations of Brahma years are exact and accepted by all occultists.

\*\*\*The Day and Night of Brahma. The day is the outpouring of the breath of Brahma—the night is the indrawing of the breath of Brahma.

"Our earth\* was 16,464,000 (365 day years) years old when it became fit for life to exist upon it.

"The path of God for those who die having meditated upon the Impersonal Om is thus: Their spirits enter the flames from the funeral pyre, the flames are absorbed into the day; the day departs for the light half of the month and from thence to the six months of summer. When the sun journeys north the summer months meet the end of the year; thence to the moon; from the moon into the world of the sun; from the sun into lightning—who personified leads the free spirit to Brahm. With Brahm the spirit may remain and never again be compelled to come to Earth, for it is free.

"He needs no help from God or Guru, neither does he need knowledge—for all is light. He is desireless and an example to the striving earth-bound spirits.

"So wise one, meditate upon the Impersonal Om, the Impersonal Brahm and think not that Brahm differs from yourself. Om is everything, everywhere; Om is within you. Read and study the Chandogya and Brihadaranyaka Upanishads."

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After the Master's lecture we sat and meditated. Before five minutes had elapsed most wonderful vibrations arose. They lifted our spirits until we forgot

\* Hindu calculation.

our bodies. There were ten of us who were neophytes and we were much impressed by the beautiful vibrations.

In perhaps an hour Master Puriji began chanting, joined by one after the other of the assembled company. At eleven o'clock a party of Yogis left us but I did not know where they went. We didn't see them again until noon of the next day.

I witnessed many marvelous, incredible evidences of the power the Yogis possess. One incident was as follows:

We stood about conversing when one of the Yogis vanished. Five minutes later someone called attention to the headless man standing some little distance from us. The headless form walked toward us only to disappear and immediately reappear in our midst as the Yogi. He became smaller and smaller until he disappeared. No sooner had he disappeared than he again took form, minus head and arms. Watching intently I saw first one arm, then the other and finally the head appear. And again he was in our midst!

Another incident—I was conversing with a Yogi and suddenly he said, "Look there!" I looked in the direction indicated but could see nothing and I said so, turning back to him. He was not there! I searched carefully for him but did not find him. Happening to look in the direction he had indicated to me I saw a lion. I shrieked, "Lion, a lion!" but no one but the neophytes paid attention. It was a lion, sure enough; a big healthy looking fellow and I was certainly badly scared. Restlessly the lion moved close, then retreated,

but did not approach very near. As I gazed fascinated at it it changed into a beautiful deer. We walked over to the deer and petted him. Someone went for food for him and another for water. He gracefully ate and drank, and thirty of us amused ourselves with him for hours. His beauty and shy presence captivated our hearts.

Suddenly we espied a hunter, gun in hand, take aim and fire. Alas! Our noble deer fell to the earth. Rushing to his side we found him dead. Many of us were angry and bitterly reproached the hunter for killing the defenseless animal. "Have you no heart?" "Are you not ashamed?" "Has not the poor animal the same right as you to life?"—angry queries from many of us. He retorted he felt he was justified in killing the deer.

Much concerned over the murdering of our pet deer we took the hunter with us to Master Puriji. Before him we related the incident, expressing our sympathy for the deer in extravagant terms.

"I am sorry to see," the Master answered in his calm voice, "that nearly all of you are hurt because of the killing. Does not the Bhagavad Gita teach that he who says 'I have killed a man, or he killed a man' are both wrong? He who shall say, 'Lo! I have slain a man!' He who shall think, 'Lo! I am slain'—those both know naught. Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to be never; never was time—it was not; end and beginning are dream! Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit forever;

death hath not touched it at all—dead though the House of it seems! Who knoweth it exhaustless, self-sustained, immortal, indestructible—shall say, 'I have killed a man, or caused to kill?'

'Nay, but as when one layeth  
 His worn-out robes away  
 And taking new ones, sayeth  
 'These will I wear today!'  
 So putteth by the spirit  
 Lightly its garb of flesh  
 And passeth to inherit  
 A residence afresh.'

"Not the life, I say to the weapons reach, flames burn it not; water cannot o'erwhelm, no dry winds wither it; impenetrable; unentered, unassailed, unharmed, untouched, immortal, all arriving, stable, sure, invisible, ineffable, by word and thought uncompassed, ever all itself, thus is the soul declared! How wilt thou, then knowing it so, grieve when thou shouldst not grieve?

"How if thou hearest that the man now dead is, like the man new born, still living, one same existent spirit wilt thou weep? The end of birth is death; the end of death is birth. This is ordained, and mournest thou, chief of the stalwart arm, for what befall which could not otherwise befall? The birth of living things comes unperceived; the death comes unperceived; be-

tween them beings perceive. What is there sorrowful herein, dear Prince?"\*

When the Master reminded us and repeated the whole of this chapter from the Gita, the hunter disappeared and we understood completely about the deer. A few of us went back to the wood but the body of the deer had also disappeared. We laughed heartily to think how a Yogi had fooled us and put on a little play to teach us our Gita.

At the temple I found the missing Yogi. We asked him about the deer but he professed ignorance. "Where were you?" I demanded. Smilingly he answered he had been strolling around.

\*Translated by Sr. E. Arnold, Gita.

## CHAPTER XII.

## LHATSE

In a party of six we set out for Lhatse, following the river as before—the Brahmaputra this time. I felt the cold more here than at any place in our journey up to Muktinath, doubtless because we were close to the head of the Himalayas—Mount Everest. At night it was bitterly, freezingly cold. There were plenty of villages roundabout in spite of the frigid atmosphere and we met people every day.

These people, Tibetans, for we were in Tibet, the land of the Lama and the land of prayer, were devotees of Guatama Buddha. Lamas and lamaseries everywhere; a land of gentle people though they are often maligned. A friend commented with surprise on my trip through Tibet. "Why, it is a wonder you were not killed in that land of thievery and murder!"

"But surely, you are mistaken," I cried dismayed. "Those people are kindly, gentle and would not harm an animal, much less a human being."

It is the only little country which has not killed a foreigner in the last fifty years. There is one exception, a Frenchman was mistakenly killed by Tibetans. I heard the story in Tibet. It seems the Frenchman lost two horses. He went to a village and forced two Tibetans to return to his tent with him. He treated them brutally, declaring since he had lost his two

horses the Tibetans must serve him in their place. They escaped later and the Frenchman was accidentally killed, much later, in eastern Tibet.

It is true, however, that foreigners as a rule are not permitted to tour the country. If they obtain a permit however, a general welcome and courtesy is accorded them.

Disciples of Buddha whose chief doctrine was "DO NOT KILL!" they avoid bloodshed sedulously, showing marked kindness to children; eat vegetables (no meat) exclusively as do Hindus.

In refutation my friend handed me a copy of that excellent magazine "Asia" and pointed out an article by a French woman, who laid all the crimes on the calendar at the feet of the poor Tibetans. (It is noteworthy that one of our party needed a warm coat. Meeting a strange Tibetan the man took off his heavy coat, made of a fine yak skin, and insisted the member of our party put it on. Remonstrances were in vain. The good man said he had another coat like it at home. The only recompense he desired was that we would not forget him; he asked us to remember him every day. For my part I think kindly of him daily and no doubt the others do the same.

Tibet is a land of prayer—every road, every bridge, has its praying pole and praying wheel. As numerous as the advertising signs in America, equally numerous and conspicuous are the "praying wheels."

One out of seven becomes a Lama. Many of these Lamas practice severe asceticisms. Often they shut

themselves in a temple for three years and preserve absolute silence. We encountered a number of this kind of lamasery. The laity believe all Lamas have divine healing power and to them the sick go for healing and efficacious prayer.

Our party found them a very hospitable people; they sheltered and fed us well.

We met a Tibetan official whose duty it was to keep close watch on foreigners in Tibetan territory. He courteously answered our questions and in response to my query as to why there were such strict regulations about foreigners touring Tibet, he said, "We have never turned back anyone who has a permit from one of our border officials." I remarked that few aliens entered Tibet.

"It is true," he said, "we ask them to go back to where they came from if they can't show a permit or passport. In India you do the same thing, do you not? You deport them. Our method is a little simpler—we don't let them in. We even aid them if their finances do not permit a return immediately. Foreigners have a way of trying to steal small countries, don't you think?"

We could not but agree.

When Tibetans are calumniated my deepest feelings are hurt. I have a great love and respect for them, and I feel that such a gentle people should not be scandalized to abet the supposed bravery of a man or woman who "dared to travel in the land of robbers and murder." To quote Mr. Sven Hedin:

"In every critical situation, therefore, I found myself received by the Tibetans with utmost courtesy and kindness, and I lament the fact that there are unscrupulous Europeans who falsify their accounts and accuse these people of a cruelty they do not possess. On the occasion when, in crossing the large uninhabited stretches to the north I have lost the greater part of my caravan, and reached the first nomads in an exhausted condition—they have received me with kindness and have rescued me from destruction by offering me for fair compensation as many yaks and sheep as they could spare. To be sure, it happened occasionally that I came across haughty and stubborn chiefs who took pleasure in exercising a despotic power. But even these have been made meek as lambs through gifts of cloth, knives and similar things. I have only pleasant memories of all the years I spent in Tibet.

"In some respects the Tibetans reveal a sensitiveness unknown among the Christian peoples. I saw their tender feelings illustrated by an incident that took place once while I was camping on the shores of a lake adjoining some of the black tents of the Tibetans. Near by a flock of wild geese had alighted. One of my men stole up to them and fired a shot. The flock rose with wild cries, but one member of it lay dead on the shore and another flew over our head in wide circles. A young man came to my tent and requested an interview with Bombo Chimbo, or the big chief, as the Tibetans usually called me. He was disconsolate and declared that in killing the wild goose my man had

made its mate inconsolable. She would find herself lonely and unhappy for the rest of her life and would return time and again to this place in the hope of finding her mate. I agreed and deplored what had happened, but I also asked him if the same might not hold true of the wild yaks when a bullet deprived them of their mate and leaders. He assured me emphatically that wild geese could not be compared to other creatures because their sense of faithfulness and marital love was higher and their sorrow was as keen as that of a human being.

"In all my wandering in Tibet I have searched in vain for instances of cruelty to women, children and domestic pets. Peace and good will prevail in domestic circles. Each one does his work quietly and unassumingly for the good of the group."

It is indeed a long quotation, but it gives the facts to my readers from one who lived in Tibet many years.

As I stated before, there were many villages but also many tent-dwellers. In Tibet as in India there are tent-people nomads. In India they are called 'Bajigare' and 'Sirikibas.'

And always the beautiful, beautiful temples! Like the Hindus they dream of visiting Ehsa, Kailas, Lake Mansrawar and Dolma. I heard in Tibet that the people ascend Mount Everest (29,002 feet) the highest peak in the Himalayas and in the world. When I argued that it must be almost impossible to climb Mount Everest they answered me by saying that it was to other than Tibetans. For myself, I believe they

do ascend the heavenly mount for we met them on passes 20,000 feet in altitude with heavy packs on their backs, seemingly at ease.

We reached Lhatse, then Lhasa to Shigotse. We saw the lovely temples of Potola, Lha Lung, Dehug, Gah-dan, Sera and Tashi Lunpo. To relate our experiences there would require a second book which I may sometime write.

## CHAPTER XIII

## THE TEMPLE PORA TAT SANGA

Shigotse is the largest city between India and Tibet. The second largest Tibetan city, its most notable feature is the monastery a mile from the city.

A late hour of night found us without a place to sleep. Ahead of us a man was walking and to him Yogi Santi applied for information as to where we might find sleeping quarters. The man said he had but poor accomodations to offer us but we were welcome. Yogi Santi as spokesman for the party assured our host we would be happy for any shelter from the west wind which blows cold at night from the snow-laden Himalayas.

The man's home was close by and the little fire burning cheerily in the fire-place greeted us like a friend. We sat about the fire warming ourselves, and our kind host straightway cooked us a hot supper, which we found very welcome. All of us slept stretched on the floor around the fire and dawn found our busy host up and praying. Then he churned the milk and offered us buttermilk.

Breakfast over, the host asked our destination. We replied we were going to the highest temple of the world in India.

"But you must not leave without seeing the Tashi



The Temple Pora tat sanga

lunpo lamasery," he reminded. Yogi Santi assured him we meant to view it, and at nine o'clock we walked out to Tashi lunpo.

It is a rich and famous lamasery, an ideal place for the tired soul to rest. We felt calm and peace pervading its corridors like a presence.

We didn't, however, make ourselves known to the Lamas, satisfied to take the kind treatment they showed all strangers.

It is perhaps well to tell my readers that Lamas and Yogis do not share the same belief. Lamas are adherents of Buddha alone—a Yogi could not believe the assertions of any one man. Yogis believe each human being has all knowledge within himself. At some time the individual will unfold and realize his mightiness; a Buddhist will reach the Buddha attainment of Nirvana; a Christian will reach the Christ consciousness; a Mohammedan will realize Mohammed; a Hindu will attain the state of Krishna.

Hindus assert that Krishna, Buddha and Christ are all the same. They are within you—your God is within.

Everywhere one hears God made man in his image. Tibetans have their God; China, Japan, Asia, Europe, America—all have their Gods. Hindus have many gods: a god of death; god of knowledge; god of fire—it is very difficult for everyone (including the Hindus) to understand these gods unless they study the Upanishads. Every country has its God. I am at a loss to understand how "God made man in his image."

One says Jehovah the other says God.  
 One Allah, the other says Khuda.  
 One says Punmeshara, the other says Raba.  
 One says Akal, the other says Seva.  
 One says Wahai, the other says Ishwara.  
 One says Almighty, the other says The Universal Spirit.  
 One says Om, the other says Brahma.

Different names and different Gods. All that is claimed is that "my God is better than your God." **It seems to me, that man has made God in his image!**

After Shigotse Yogi Santi wished us to push on as rapidly as possible to our meeting-place with Master Bhagavanji. He declared it would entail more than a week's walking, and once arrived we would remain for a long while. "Why?" was my ever present question.

"There you will see a temple built on the face of sheer rock, 2500 feet up a precipice. It is a perilous climb to it, for a misstep means a fall of thousands of feet. Few people attempt the ascent; ropes are necessary and very few steps have been cut from the rock. This year many Yogis are going to demonstrate their power of levitation and will ascend to the temple without visible means. You will witness these demonstrations."

His words aroused us and we were all anxious to put in reality what our imaginations outlined.

At eight o'clock we started for Gyantse where we might stay overnight. The green grass and moss grew less and less. We were close to Mount Everest. Looking on the beautiful silver top of the Mount we sang as we trudged on:

"Sare johan se ocha Himala, Himara,  
Nasi Ba Bi ho, ala Hamara."

Translation:

My Himalaya is higher than the world!

My destiny is to conquer all.

The Himalayas engender no fear in man; strengthening and peaceful vibrations urge on the traveler to its peaks.

#### TO THE HIMALAYAS\*

"Far in the Himalayas lifting high  
His towery summits till they cleave the sky  
Spans the wide land from East to Western sea,  
Lord of the hill, instinct with Deity.  
For him, when Prithm ruled in days of old  
The rich earth, teeming with her gems and gold,  
The vassal hills and Meru drained her fairest.  
To deck Himalaya, for they loved him best;  
And Earth, the mother, gave her store to fill  
With herbs and sparkling arcs the royal hill,  
Proud Mountain King! His diadem of snow  
Dims not the beauty of his gems below,

\*Translation by R. F. Griffith.

For who can gaze upon the moon, and dare  
 To make one spot less brightly glorious there?  
 Who mid a thousand virtues dares to blame  
 One shade of weakness in a hero's fame?  
 Oft, when the gleaming of his mountain crest  
 Flashes through the clouds and tint as they pass,  
 These glories mock the hues of closing day  
 And Heaven's bright wantons hail their hour of play;  
 Try, ere the time, the magic of their glance,  
 And deck their beauty for the twilight dance.  
 Dear to the sylphs are the cool shadows thrown  
 By dark clouds wandering around the mountain zone;  
 Till, frightened by the storm and rain they seek  
 Eternal sunshine on each loftier peak."

At Gyantze we visited the lamasery. A large building, its color that of the fresco depots in southern California. We spent nearly a day examining it and enjoying the hospitality of the Lamas.

On to Pora tat sanga where Master Bhagavanji would join us—past the peaks of Kang La and Phari. The same jovial spirit possessed us and we made the climb much less arduous by our heartening songs.

The Chomolhari (24,000 feet) proved stony—the Pass Phari is 16,000 feet above sea level and at the top of Pass Phari we had a delightful surprise. There was a beautiful valley, Chubi Valley, green with evergreens. Far beyond we saw villages with lovely temples rising in their midst.

Ahead the road looked very good but Yogi Santi said we weren't to travel on it, but would go by way

of Temo Lo and Tachi cho jong. Then Pora tat sanga!

Our road proved to be good and we were relieved not to find high passes. Both sides of the valley were covered with trees, and when we went farther along we entered a fine forest whose heavy, leafy trees were the most luxuriant I had ever seen. An abundance of water pleased us and doubtless because of the forest and water the woods were alive with wild fowl and songbirds. It is notable that we never encountered a wild animal once during the entire trip.

A fortress-like temple at Maha Muni was the next point of interest. Its beauty beguiled us into staying the night there. The following morning saw us on our last day's journey to reach the rendezvous with Master Puriji. Although in haste to get to Pora tat sanga, we weren't oblivious to the scenic wonders on every side; the spire-like peaks, veritable temples of nature; their pinnacle sometimes jagged and oft times round-ed off, table-like surfaces on which gods might dine. Words are helpless in the description of these mighty mountains. At last I understood why the poets never tire of singing of the Himalaya.

Now we were 4,000 feet below Pora tat sanga. The trail became perilous, but our mountain climbing experience stood us in good stead and we labored on, most of the time on hands and knees. Finally the steep trail was conquered and before us we saw many temples, but the holiest one was still 2,500 feet above.

We could see the temple, perched precariously on a crack in a perpendicular rock. The distance didn't

look great, though the trail seemed impassable. Rude steps had been picked out in the rock. On these and sometimes a plank stretched between two horizontal steps over a yawning chasm, with the aid of ropes intrepid spirits ascended to the highest temple in the world. A misstep meant certain death.

"Where," I asked Yogi Santi, "did Master Bhagavanji say he'd meet us?"

"There," pointing upward, "in the high temple."

One looked at the other and our hearts were heavy —how could we ever get up there? After a rest from the previous climb, which had certainly been labor, Laughing Sonny and I meant to have a try at it, anyway.

For two hours we fought for every foothold, for every handgrip—but we decided we'd have to give it up for that day, so we prepared to descend only to discover that hard as it was to climb, to go back down was infinitely more dangerous. We were hanging to the steep sides of the rock like monkeys to trees, sustaining our weight with our hands while our feet busily hunted about for an inch of level rock to stand on.

"Why don't you come down, since you can't go up?" Yogi Santi called.

"We're trying to," I shouted back, "but the rock won't let us."

"Stay there then for the night," he jested. "After a night's rest you can probably make the temple."

We kept cool, however, and three hours of precarious balancing saw us beside Yogi Santi.

"If the Master stays there," said I and looked longingly upward, "I'm afraid it's our bad luck to stay here, for I don't think we can climb that dangerous trail."

"Don't worry about the climb," said Santi. "The Great One will take care of that. It is only that you won't be up there to welcome the Master tonight. Now go to rest."

Food and rest were welcome and we retired so physically and mentally fatigued that temples perched on the sides of rocks didn't interest us that night.

Morning brought the news of the arrival of Master Puriji at the temple. Yogi Santi had also been up there while we slept. "When will the Master come down?" I asked Yogi Santi. He answered he really didn't know when as the Master was meeting many Yogis that day. "However," he added, "feel at home and admire the scenery."

The view was panoramic and needs an artist or poet to describe it. Gazing appreciatively but silently on the majesty of Nature I wished I were a poet so I might properly eulogize the grandeur of the Himalayas.

We strolled around, Laughing Sonny, the other member of the party, and myself. Yogi Santi had cautioned us to be back at six in the evening. Wandering aimlessly we came upon a pole perhaps seventy or

seventy-five feet in height. It gave evidence of having been climbed often—the top I noticed was against a table-like rock. I suggested we climb it. Sonny agreed but not so the man. He preferred to sit and wait for us.

I climbed squirrel fashion and in a short time I reached the top. There I saw a nice little temple built on the rock, and when I turned back I saw that Sonny was nearing the top of the pole. We called down to our friend below and tried to induce him to come up but he answered that nothing in the world could persuade him. So Sonny and I paid the temple a little visit, praying within its quiet solitude for a few moments. Afterwards we saw more temples higher up the hill and after we inspected them we went down the pole to our waiting friend.

It was only 4:30, but we found Yogi Santi in Samadhi. He remained motionless until five o'clock, then when he returned to consciousness he said to us, "Get ready. Tonight we go to Pora tat sanga Temple."

"How is that?" I asked excitedly. "Yesterday Sonny and I tried to climb up there; how could we do it at night?"

"Yesterday you both tried with physical force, but tonight we shall ascend by spiritual force."

We were beside ourselves with joy and we raced over to the foot of the perpendicular rock. Looking up I wondered about the temple—who its builders were and how had they carried up the materials for the temple. My reflections were interrupted by the arrival of a party of five men who seated themselves upon a

slab of stone perhaps 6 x 6 feet. I thought they sat in prayer, but mentally they were commanding levitation. In less than ten minutes the stone rose levelly and ascended to the high temple.

Yogi Santi called, "Are you ready?"

"Yes, yes," was our eager answer, and the four of us sat down upon another slab of stone. Gently we mounted, up, up, to a corner of the temple roof. On the roof we found a large gathering, my beloved Master Bhagavanji among them. All sat in silence and silently we joined them. Among the company I noted many women. Thus we remained until seven o'clock when the silence was broken by the golden voice of the Great Master.

"My brothers and sisters who are myself, I am glad to see you." He paused, and his glance rested upon me. Then he resumed, "There are those among us tonight who never before have witnessed the marvelous feat of bodily levitation. They are wondering about it. It is nothing—just knowledge of ancient Yoga. It was generally used in the past—a science those who practice it may master, and transport himself wherever he desires to go. A great many people have used it in the past. Gautama Buddha visited many distant points by levitation of his physical body: Gorkhnath, Guru Nanik—thousands of names I can give you. Do not marvel; if you wish to learn it know that it is not accomplished in a day or a year. A determined will and constant practice will gain the power. There are much greater evidence of power than levitation,

which you may see very soon."

He continued, "One among us has asked me how to levitate the body. It is explained in Raja Yoga. Read carefully and if that does not seem sufficient a Yogi will help you.

"This is a new age, the age of science. Those now engaged in the progress of science are discovering new things every day. People are realizing that life is more important than the material. The seekers after Truth are exerting a profound influence on the moral and mental progress of man. They are sincere in the pursuit of truth no matter what the consequences may be. The contemplation of the wonders of Nature change our mentality. The study of Yoga makes character. Who contemplates and studies the origin, progress and adaptability of life see that the irresistible force which raises and levels mountains is every day being brought under control.

"I earnestly hope each of you will aspire to become free; we all have sung the praise of liberty and freedom from bondage, but we have remembered bondage too well and have forgot liberty. Any system of Yoga is a message of freedom for yourselves and the rest of the world. Everyone should be its student. The world needs the practice of Yoga—it has a universal message for the world. Where all else has failed, try Yoga. Being a science it will have its effect. Followers of Yoga should not think for a moment it is mysterious and only meant for the few. No; it is nat-

ural, it is for all and is a daily requisite. It is not only the path of renunciation, but of everyday activity in life. You do not have to renounce the ways of this world, but Yoga will make your lives fuller, better and free."

Master Puriji concluded his short lecture with the announcement we would meet on the morrow at one in the afternoon, down at the river, where we expected to see the Great Yogis demonstrate their powers.

We chanted: "Om santi Om."

After the lecture we looked around; the bright moon giving us a good chance to see the beauty of the place. At nine o'clock we heard that dinner was ready. Water was passed from hand to hand to wash, and then we sat wherever we wished. Chairs and tables are not much used in India. I was dreamily gazing out over the moonlight-bathed mountain when the man beside me passed me food. "Anything more?" he asked. I could not eat all the generous serving, but I was thirsty and requested milk. "Milk, Master," the man called, and then I realized who was serving the meal. There sat my beloved Master, humbly, with a small vessel before him in which I could see a little food. He had served seventy-five people from that one small pot!

In my utter amazement I forgot to eat, staring wide-eyed at the Master. He looked at me and with his beautiful smile said kindly, "Eat, son, I am waiting to see if you wish more." Hastily I began to eat, thinking that food from my dear Master's hand should

not be wasted by me.

Someone asked the question, "Where did the meal come from?" The Master facetiously answered, "it came from the place meals usually come from."

We descended in the same way—sitting upon our slab of rock, we floated down to the lower temple. I kept my ears open for ejaculations about levitation, but not a word did I hear; everyone seemed to take it as a matter of course. The company dispersed quietly for the night.

In the morning we gathered on the bank of a small river. The hour had been set at one and it was now 12:30. I had used the earlier hours to advantage, roaming about. A fine waterfall attracted me and enchanted me with its tumbling bright waters. The waterfall seemed to share in the miraculous environment, for I noticed it swelled in the sun's rays and as the sun went down the waterfall shrank in size.

At one o'clock we were all assembled. We sat looking at the madly rushing river whose current was terribly swift, as mountain streams usually are. This river flowed through a deep rock gorge at a sharp declivity. If one fell into it, it was hopeless to think of getting out. As we looked, what at first seemed a log went rushing past; but no, it was a body; a few seconds and it was carried out of sight. We began a discussion only to be interrupted by someone's voice saying, "The body is coming upstream!" and so it was, a battle between the powerful current and the body, with the latter victorious. The form came to rest in

the water near us, and the Master cried out, "Victory! Victory over Nature, for the Atma (soul) is higher than matter."

The Yogi stood upright in the water and remained there with the swirling waters ineffectually trying to drag him down; not an inch did he give, as motionless as though he stood on the bank. Then he walked out of the water and took his place among us. The Master greeted him, "Well, how is Yogi Deo and the practice?" The Yogi replied he had succeeded.

"I can control the moonlight and the sun's rays, too," he said, and indicated that we were to look carefully at him. He sat full in the sunlight. In a few moments he sat in a little patch of shade, with bright sunshine outside the little circle of shade. For thirty minutes he sat there in his self-imposed shadow.

Equally as wonderful feats were performed by other powerful Yogis. Yogi Antardhian demonstrated that the heart beat may be arrested, and he also declared he had proved that decomposition could be postponed for a long, long time.

Master Bhagavanji lectured and after the lecture announced that tomorrow we would meet in the high temple, Pora tat sanga.

Evening brought the Master to us, and my heart was at rest in his benevolent presence. He asked about our trip and twitted Laughing Sonny and myself about our attempt to climb up to the temple. "You'll do it next time," he consoled. But Yogi Santi laughed aloud, "If the descent had been easier they might have the

courage to tackle it again, but it took three hours to come down and only two to go up. They were both too poor to fall down."

"That's just the reason they will make it next time," insisted the Master kindly.

"When will the next time be, beloved Master?" I asked.

"Tomorrow at one o'clock," was the reply. The Master ascended to the temple.

In the morning a man came to me and handed me what looked like gum or glue, a viscous, sticky substance. "You'll need it when you climb to the temple. When your hands and feet perspire use it and it will prevent your slipping."

"How about my shoes?" I asked.

"Take them off."

We followed the advice and at one o'clock began the ascent. Up above, the Master sat upon the temple roof looking down upon us. It gave me courage and strength and a sense of protection to see him there. Otherwise we had quite an audience—most of the Yogis looked interestedly on.

Up by the steps cut into the living rock, up by the dangling ropes secured in crevices above, over the precarious planks—and always death as the price of relaxed vigilance. Three times we rested, but at 3:45 we joined the Master, who congratulated us heartily.

He showed us the interior of the temple, telling us interesting facts about it.

"Master," I asked, "was this temple built by human hands or some other force?"

"What other force beside the human, son?"

"Well," I answered, "I have seen temples built in a night, of heavy stones, which were at least two hundred miles from the temple site. These stones were of such a weight that men could not lift them, nor were there lifting cranes in the vicinity. Evidently the temples were built by invisible power."

"Since this temple, Pora tat sanga, is built in an inaccessible place on the face of a rock, I thought it likely that it, too, had been built by unseen forces."

"Son," the Master said, "there is but one force, which is within every human being, but they do not know how to use and control this force within. You saw the Yogis come up here sitting on slabs of stone, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did, but still I don't see how men can build a temple like this, which is a work of art—right on rock. Can men accomplish this, Oh Master?"

"Yes, son, men who work for devotion and not for money can do it. When the spirit within, which is God, prompts them to work, then these things can be accomplished. Man should learn to see the finer things which the ordinary man bars from his sight. But he cannot see until he has learned to control Prana—then a vista of subtle things open before him; for example, he can see the steam imprisoned in the water."

"This temple was built by highly developed men, who were masters of themselves, and Nature as well. Many supremely developed have been here, a few from Europe, but only a few, and that was two thousand years ago."

That evening a great number of the Yogis again came to the roof of the temple by levitation, and there the Great Master addressed his enlightened audience. He spoke on the healing power of Prana and also, to my astonishment, on my trip to the Cave of Bagh. It developed that the Great One himself had been my companion in the jungle (the butcher-man as I named him), and under another guise he was the Master who led me to the Cave of Bagh. His description was vivid, and very amusing when he acted out his part of the rough comrade who forsook me. The roof rocked with laughter. For myself, I was bewildered—all I could think was of my great good fortune in having the Master close to me so many times. Truly, I had been greatly and signally honored.

The next day Master Puriji took us with him to see a cave where many Yogis were practicing to conquer Nature. They were from twenty five to eighty years old.

He escorted us through a long series of caves, in which temples were erected. We were two weeks in the caves.

I asked the Master about the distance to Darjeeling, and he told me it was very far from where we were,

but it wouldn't take so long if we went by way of Cooch Behar and Ganhati. He pointed out a short cut we might follow. With him he kept Yogi Santi. So only three of us started for Ganhati.

Sometime, when time is not so demanding, I will write of the other caves and healing temples we visited, but of which space forbids that I say anything here.

At Ganhati we found the Master with a gathering of Sadhus and Yogis, sitting beneath a huge tree just outside the city. His companions did not recognize who he was, but still they accorded him great respect, for he was a learned Yogi.

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### RESURRECTION

A poor widow, bereft by death of husband, kinsmen, and now her only son, was living in a little village near Ganhati. Friends, in consoling her for the loss of her son, mentioned there were in Ganhati at that time a company of holy men, Yogis and Sadhus. Why not bring the dead body of her beloved son to these holy men, who, in sympathy with her bereavement, might help her?

She followed the advice, eager to clutch at the tiniest straw that might be blown her way. She brought the dead body of her dear son to this company of Sadhus and Yogis, numbering more than twenty-five.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon and the Yogis sat about. The sorrowful mother laid the body on the

earth before the holy men, and with words of anguish and petition begged them to help her. Silence was her only answer. Again she begged, so piteously that my heart ached with her grief. (We three stood back of the Yogis watching to see what the Master would do.)

In a few moments the Master walked up to the child's body and took the cloth from the face. He gazed down upon the face for a few minutes, saying nothing. Mentally he may have been, but his lips didn't move. He passed his hand over the child's face and said, "Get up, sonny, your mother needs you." In a moment he supported the child's head and the child sat up. The mother took him in her arms and pressed him to her breast, murmuring words of love to him.

The Yogis and Sadhus began the chant, "Victory, jai, to the Great One."

The joyful mother gently put the child on the ground, and then fell at the Master's feet, but he helped her rise, saying tenderly, "Sister, take your son and go home. Take good care of the little one."

And mother and restored son departed with happy smiles lighting their eyes.

The company pressed about the Master, asking, "Who are you? Have you ever met the Great Yogi Bhagavan Puriji?" But my great and beloved Master, whose humility was beautiful, answered, "Why do you ask me who I am. I am thyself. I have done nothing new. Sri Krishna raised the dead; you all know Ram Chandra, Guru Nanik, Christ, and it would take

hours, yes, days to name them all. Many now use the force, and they wander as poor beggars. I cannot understand why you want my name or how I could give it to you. I am nameless, ageless, a spirit, not this little body. You can call me by any name you will"\*\*

That evening my beloved Master said to me, "Son, I am leaving here without telling anyone but you. They seem to be losing their heads about that child. Do not say anything of me here. Where do you want to go from here?"

"To the Punjab for a few days, then I'm not sure where I will go."

"Son," he admonished me, "always know where you want to go and what you want to do. Go to the Punjab. When you come back you will find me at Hardwar. There I will wait for you."

He gave his blessing and I left for the Punjab, where I stayed a week and then went back to Hardwar.

\*\*Excerpt from the San Francisco Examiner, Aug. 22, 1926:

"Miss Mary Forbes, American woman, born and raised in India, challenges the rational world from Berkeley, where she is now settled, by asserting that she has consorted with men and women of the age (several hundreds of years old) and witnessed a resurrection from the dead with her own eyes. Not only does she state that, but she also promised to communicate the secret of immortality to the West, which may have achieved sanitation, but lost its soul in the process, according to Eastern sages.

"She relates the following, having witnessed it herself:

"A woman had died. A native doctor, an M. D., graduate from a British medical college, assisted the woman and when his administrations failed, pronounced her dead. It came to

In the Punjab I met friends and relatives I wished to see; then I turned back to Hardwar where Master Puriji promised to meet me. When I reached the Munimandal at Hardwar, kept by Saint Kishavanad, I asked at once for my Master. He was there!

We took a memorable walk together along the banks of the Ganges River and he asked me where I would go from Hardwar.

"Oh, Master, I will go wherever you go, if you will but let me." My soul spoke from my lips.

"What of your mother, your sister and your good brothers? They wanted you to stay with them but you told them you wanted to go to Europe. Why don't you want to go to Europe now?"

"Because, Master, I have seen the wonderful things you have done, and I have known you, and I want the opportunity to learn more."

Smilingly he repeated, "So you want to learn more? Then I will teach you a few things you will find useful now and later."

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the ears of Miss Forbes that the family had immediately sent for a Sanyasi, a holy man, to recall the woman to life. Miss Forbes pleaded and received permission to witness whatever was going to happen from the doorway of the death chamber.

"The holy man came and sat at the feet of the woman who had "passed away," relates Miss Forbes. "He inclined his head and began to recite "Words of Power," supposedly a very ancient formula. For a long time no sound broke the stillness but his chanted words. Then he suddenly seized the feet of the corpse, shook them and bade the form rise. Nothing happened. The holy man sat down again and once more

I spoke my gratitude for his loving kindness to me. For more than a week we walked together. The Master explained the subjects I had in mind without my needing to acquaint him with them, and I listened eagerly and very, very gratefully.

"Now, son," he said to me in parting, "I have shown you the method, practice it. Wherever you go carry the message of truth."

So we parted. But the Great Master, kind and thoughtful to the last, said, "Don't worry about your permit. At Bombay you'll have it within a week." And so it was.

With the tenderly spoken blessing of the Great Yogi Bhagavan Puriji, Master of Masters, I began my journey to Europe in 1923.

### RELIGION OF RECONCILIATION

(By Sadhu T. L. Vaswani)

I went into solitude and I heard them weeping. "They quarrel in our names,—they who call themselves our disciples. They follow us not in the way we walk."—said the Prophets in sorrow.

recited the "Words of Power," in an ancient language now gone out of use. Once more he stood up, shook the feet of the dead woman and once more did he command her to arise.

"This time she sat up, dazed, but seemingly well. Noticing the holy man she got up, knelt in front of him and touched his feet with her forehead. Immediately after the man took his leave."

"The woman was still living when Miss Forbes left the State of Mandi, she says.

Why this strife in the name of "religion"? Another name for religion is Unity, Harmony and Love.

Where a "religion" does not unify, nor harmonize, but divides, sunders man from man, there is sectarianism, not Life of the Spirit. It cannot be that only in one Temple is the Great God worshipped. It cannot be that in one Church shines His Glory.

To think that **my samaj or my church** has the monopoly of the truth of God is to make the individual usurp the place of the Universal. To think there is not truth outside **my church** is to be an egoist. Religions all have their birth in a common World-Heart. The idea of the Kingdom of God is not peculiar to Christianity; you may read of it in the Zoroastrian Scriptures. The Cross may well remind a Hindu of Trisula.

Here is a touching little text from the Vedas:— "As the sun sets yet never dies but returns, neither shall I go into non-existence, but I shall live." This idea of Immortality you find also, in other Scriptures of the world. And is there not among world-religions, a unity of ethical intuitions and aspirations? Prophets and Saints do not quarrel with one another. The

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"Asked how she could explain the miracle Miss Forbes said: 'It was not a miracle, it only seems such to us because we are unscholarized in the "true philosophy." The Hindu sages say that up to three days after what we call death has set in, you can call the spirit to life. If this is done after more than three days have elapsed, only then does it become a miracle.'

"Substantiating her statements the lecturer related another case. She disclaimed having witnessed it personally, but insisted that it had happened in the presence of her family, Sir James, then Captain Wilcox. He is now writing about his

quarrel is among the "disciples." And the Great-souled Teachers are not dead. They form a Brotherhood. Can it be their voice is not the voice of Unity? They in whose names you quarrel one with the other,—they are not rivals but Brothers—members of the One family whose Parent-spirit is God.

The mystic author of *Masnavi* relates a beautiful story. Moses heard a voice saying: "O God, show me where Thou art that I may be Thy servant and clean Thy shoes and comb Thy hair and sew Thy cloth and fetch Thee milk." And Moses rebuked the shepherd as an **idolator**. The shepherd fled. Then came a voice from Heaven which said: "Moses! Moses! Why hast thou driven away My servant? Thy office is to reconcile My people, not drive them from me! I accept not the words which are spoken but the **heart** that offers them!"

India's need, the world's need, the Nations' piteous

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India reminiscences for the Weekly Dispatch of London. Like Miss Forbes, he was brought up in India and also speaks several dialects with ease.

The case Sir James Wilcox claims to have witnessed happened in this way:

"The six-year old daughter of a British colonel in the Indian Service became very ill during the hot season. Despite the frantic care bestowed by her parents and attending physicians the child died. Agonized with grief the mother knelt beside the little form that lay so still. Then an unknown Hindu presented himself at the door. He said that he had heard of the little girl's death and wanted to bring her back to life.

"At first the mother would not hear of letting anyone

need today is of men and women, who, rich in the wealth of Renunciation, wander from place to place with the Dream in their eyes of the great Unity of Races and Religions.

Such men and women in East and West will be the message-bearers of the new Religion—the Religion of Reconciliation. In it sings the very Soul of India. Take up Her Song, ye that are young and eager to serve! Take up Her Song, and turn away from the noise and strife of shariats and creeds! Take up the Song of Brotherhood in God,—the Song of New Brindaban,—and pass it on to the multitudes whose hearts are hungry for the Bread of the Spirit.

And, believe me, in the strength of this message of Brotherhood and Love will India stand up a Free Nation for service of the Future.

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come near the body of her little daughter. But her husband prevailed upon her to let the Sanyasi try his power. From the doorway they watched him stop near the still form and draw away the sheet with which it was already covered.

For a long time the Hindu stood above the dead child, not saying a word, not making any gesture, merely looking at her eyes with great intensity. Nothing happened. He drew the sheet gently over her face and turned toward the parents: 'Do not bury her for eight hours,' he said and walked out of the house. They never saw him again.

"The mother resumed her tragic watch near the body of the child, while the father, obeying the priest, although he did not believe him, held up the obsequies for a few hours. Who can say what they felt, related Sir James, when seven and one-half hours after the Sanyasi had left the house the sheet moved and the little girl called for "Mamma." That this particular child is a grow-up woman today, living with her husband in England is the rather startling assertion made by Miss Forbes, and substantiated by the Memoirs of Sir James Wilcox."

## IN THE DAYS OF HER SPLENDOUR

By Sadhu T. L. Vaswani

Lawgivers of Aryavarta—Manu and Yagnvalka—realized, in the days of India's splendour, the importance of race-culture. The very word Arya means the Cultured, the Refined, the Noble. Aryavarta was a land of the people who believed in race-culture. The ancient name for the highest virtue was "arya-bhava"; and "arya-marga" was the Path of Noble Life.

The world War showed how cruelly indifferent to the deeper values to life "Kultur" nations could be; how intellect could be indifferent to human sufferings; how science itself could become but another name for bloody butchery. Culture had a different air in Ancient India. It was human in its outlook and had essential relation to the building up of race-life.

How foolish the current notion that the Aryans merely dreamt and philosophized. They did dream, and are men better than beasts if they will not dream the dreams of the Good, the True, the Beautiful? They philosophized; and what intelligent man but must have a philosophy, a system, a viewpoint, an attitude, a way of looking at the world? Your attitude to the universe determines your conduct, your life. The ancient Aryans dreamt, but were not mere dreamers; they philosophized, but were not mere philosophers; they were men who lived a rich, harmonious life; and

the Aryadharma was not a dead religion. A "creed"; it was a synthesis of life.

Ancient India built a constructive civilization. Ancient India realized the value of the natural, the physical. The physical is part of the moral, the mental, the spiritual. The body belongs to yourself; and the great principle of life is to check physical degeneration and prevent sins against the Body. When Christ went forth doing good, he did not merely give the great message of the Kingdom Within. He healed the bodies of men. He took bread and blessed it to feed the poor. Teachers of the moral ideal are also Healers of the Body.

And the old Aryan aspiration was not simply for things of the Spirit but, also, for those of the Body. It was the aspiration for race-advance and the well-being of Bharata. Listen to this beautiful prayer in the Rig. Veda: "Harm us not, Rudra, in our seed and progeny; harm us not in the living." Here is another in the same Scripture: "Nay, we see for a hundred years, live for a hundred years, hear, speak, be rich—yea, more than a hundred years!" Not a selfish prayer this, for it is not an individual, it is "we," the Community, the race, the Soul of the Nation, that asks for riches, for unimpaired physical faculties, for noble life. So in another old Scripture of Aryavarta, we read: "Give me faith, memory, wisdom, learning, but also prosperity, strength, long life, vigour, health." There you have the prayer of men who believed in Shakti, Strength.

The nursery of strength was the Home. So in all

the books, emphasis is put on home life. Today in the West, hotels are displacing the homes, but in the rural areas India's masses still feel something of the happiness of home,—something of the pleasure of conversation and common meals and sharing of common life in the home. There can be no greater calamity for civilization than when its homes are broken or become loveless; and the task of reconstruction today must begin at home.

So, too, we may understand why ancient Law givers gave special importance to woman in the program of life. If home life is to become again the strength of our civilization, it is necessary to quicken new reverence for woman. She does not, either in East or West, receive the recognition due to her. The feeling is yet to grow that she is the centre of the New Civilization the world is seeking. The idea is yet to grow that her emotions, her intuitions, her mysticism of sympathy will nourish the moral, social, and political life of the Age as little else can. The Aryan woman has been the great guardian of the Aryan Ideal; and we need, at this hour, her help and inspiration in the reconstructions of our National Life.

Ancient India worshipped Woman, the Mother; and our watchword, "Bande Mataram," is an echo of the old reverence for Woman, the Mother.

Aristotle asked of Alexander no greater gift than this: "Bring me one of the Teachers of India!" The Teachers of Ancient India were not arm-chair specu-

lators! they were, in the noblest sense of that word, men—physically strong, intellectually and morally refined. The Aryan ideal was that of a strong, refined manhood. And the message from the Aryan past to us of today is: Build up your Manhood.

The modern Indian's body is weak; his health is poor, his environment devitalizing. Yet India's earth is fertile, and India's soul is stately; and high is the privilege of being born in this Ancient Land. The Buddha said that if he should be born again for service of the world, and if he should have to choose the place of his re-birth, he should once again choose the Aryavarta. Young men! Great is your privilege in being born in this Land; but on that very account must your service to India be great. Not to serve her at this hour would be to miss the supreme opportunity of your earth-pilgrimage. Build up your Manhood, then. Avoid sins against the Body. Have the courage to stand by the Right. And with a right sense of India and of History, lay the rich powers of your youth as an offering at the Mother's Shrine.

### BLESSED ARE THE SIMPLE

By Sadhu T. L. Vaswani

Here are some tests of progress in the Life of the Spirit: (1) deeper joy in prayer (2) greater sense of Shakti within you, and (3) more simplicity.

Simple life does not consist merely in avoiding smoking, stimulants and luxury in diet and dress. I know of some who avoid these but are cruel and indulge in cant. Simple life means in essence, purity and poverty.

— This Purity is something referred to in the Scriptures as "nakedness" and one of Siva's names is nagna or naked. Listen to the following prayer of Bhartrihari to Siva: "O Sankara! When will that day arrive when by a peaceful life free from desire, I shall be able to eradicate roots of Karma?"

— Simple life, I said, means purity and poverty — The lilies of the field — they spin not. Why, then art thou anxious? We know and we grow only after we become poor.

Poverty is a key to the spiritual life. It is the only life worth living; everything else is maya.

But true poverty is not merely physical. It means abandoning ambition, desire for prominence, thoughts of "greatness."

— A titled man? A rich man? A big man? A "leader"? A man of the moment?

So thou art to others. What art thou thyself?

Is there a deeper tragedy than that of the man who is immersed in pursuit of the notself and has no time to meditate on the Divine Self within?

Much of what they call "work", activity, is egoism, is ambition. **Ahankar** is a deadly enemy of the Simple Life.

**Ahankar** is a danger not alone of work but, also, of "Contemplation." Many a religious man is an egoist. True religion is the death of egoism; for true Religion is Poverty.

Most of us, alas! are polytheists. We cease to worship God when we take credit to ourselves. To remember ourselves is to forget the Lord. Ambition is idolatry. Renounce it, O Pilgrim, on the Path!

The world has worshipped Greatness. Learn thou to worship Poverty. Be of the Band of Little ones of the Lord. Renounce thyself at his Lotus feet. Simplicity is self-surrender.

Acknowledgement is gratefully made to Sadhu T. L. Vaswani.

#### THE TWIN VERSES FROM THE DHAMMAPADA

\*1. All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage.

---

\*A man is what he thinketh.

2. All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts. It is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him, like a shadow that never leaves him.

3. He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me — in those who harbor such thoughts hatred will never cease.

4. He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me — in those who do not harbor such thoughts hatred will cease.

5. For hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love, this is an old rule.

6. The world does not know that we must all come to an end here—but those who know it, their quarrels cease at once.

7. He who lives looking for pleasures only, his senses uncontrolled, immoderate in his food, idle and weak. Mara (the tempter) will certainly overthrow him, as the wind throws down a weak tree.

8. He who lives without looking for pleasures, his senses well controlled, moderate in his food, faithful and strong, him Mara will certainly not overthrow any more than the wind throws down a rocky mountain.

9. He who wishes to put on the yellow dress without having cleansed himself from sin, who disregards

also temperance and truths, is unworthy of the yellow dress.

10. But he who has cleansed himself from sin, is well grounded in all virtues and endowed also with temperance. A truth, he is indeed worthy of the yellow dress.

\*11. They who imagine truth in untruth, and see untruth in truth, never arrive at truth, but follow vain desires.

12. They who know truth in truth and untruth in untruth, arrive at truth and follow true desires.

13. As rain breaks through an ill-thatched house, passion will break through an unreflecting mind.

14. As rain does not break through a well-thatched house, passion will not break through a well-reflecting mind.

15. The evil doer mourns in this world, and he mourns in the next; he mourns in both. He mourns and suffers when he sees the evil (result) of his own work.

16. The virtuous man delights in this world, and he delights in the next; he delights in both. He delights and rejoices, when he sees the purity of his own work.

---

\*Try to understand truth to represent the highest reality and untruth as maya or illusion.

17. The evil doer suffers in this world, and he suffers in the next; he suffers in both. He suffers when he thinks of the evil he has done; he suffers more when going on the evil path.

18. The virtuous man is happy in this world, and he is happy in the next; he is happy in both. He is happy when he thinks of the good he has done; he is still more happy when on the good path.

Translated by F. Maxmuller.

## TO BOY JOY

True joy it is to smile with thee  
 Oh year old loving boy!  
 What innocence, what grace is there  
 Upon thy lovely face so fair;  
 So pure, so glad, so sweet, so dear  
 Such joy sweet women have of thee,  
 As glad as you, one year child I see,  
 For hate, anger, envy no place in thee  
 That's why every one enjoy true with thee.

## TO MOTHER LOVE

I love Her but love the Soul  
 That shines forever in Her,  
 For the Soul never grows old.  
 When seeing Her I feel thrilled  
 With joy because I love the Soul  
 That never grows old.  
 I love not Her rosy cheeks, nor  
 Black eyes, and creamy skin because they  
 Age, but I love Her Soul  
 That is ageless.  
 In body a thousand, thousand  
 Miles away from Her, but in Spirit  
 Near, for I love the Soul;  
 I love the Soul that is One everywhere,  
 And its eternal beauty —

Rishi Singh Gherwal

## OM

More radiant than the sun  
 Purer white than the snow,  
 Untouched, unsullied by anything  
 In the murmur, in the saint, same you are in everything.  
 I am of thee; I adore thee more than my life, my breath,  
 My being, my god, my all. I am in thee and  
 You in me; in thy love I rest for evermore.  
 O pure light of my immortal soul,  
 I open my heart and mind to you—power of thy  
 Love, thy joy, thy peace and thy purity.  
 Thy peace enfolds me,  
 Thy love gives to me gentleness,  
 Thy joy gives to me light, life power,  
 And eternal youth;  
 Thy peace fills me with contentment,  
 Thou art my all and everywhere,  
 Thou art the source of all to me  
 Om, Om, Om.

## REALITY

“There is but one Reality,  
 Om, Om, Om,”  
 ‘Tis Spirit, God, in  
 Varying forms.  
 This One in All and All in  
 Each, make up the One great  
 Whole. Yogi says om tat sat om.

"I am that Reality, Om, Om, Om."

The I in He, in Thee, in Me;

The One great I, Reality.

Yogi says om tat sat om.

"Perfect Health is Me, Om, Om, Om."

The Me within, great source of

Life; that Perfect Reigns a

River's course, Reality. Yogi says om tat sat om.

"All Power am I, Om, Om, Om."

The Soul within; its heights,

Its depth, its width, Omnipotent.

Omnipresent Power am I, Reality.

Yogi says om tat sat om.

"All Joy I am, Om, Om, Om."

In Wisdom—Love I breathe, I

Breathe; in Sakti and Power of

Joy I live, Reality. Yogi says om tat sat om.

"All Knowledge I am, Om, Om, Om."

Through worlds I've roamed; within

Without, without, within of

Righteousness ever sin. Reality.

Yogi says om tat sat om.

"All Truth I am, Om, Om, Om."

Oh! Blest be Me.

There is no error, but free, so free,

I in Oneness with Principle Be.

All seeming error but unexpressed

Truth. Reality. Reality.

Yogi says om tat sat om.

“All Light I am, Om, Om, Om,”  
 Through Birth set free; the  
 Pink of Love, the Wisdom Blue;  
 The Sakti of Green, Purple  
 The Royal hue; the color of  
 Gold transmuting all; the Final  
 Attainment the great White Ray;  
 Perfection’s Reality.

Yogi says om tat sat om.

“Fearless, Fearless am I, Om, Om, Om,”  
 Wisdom above me in Love enfolded,  
 Upheld in Sakti Divine; Fear  
 Fades away as Life evolves in  
 Understanding; for Darkness disappears  
 When light appears.

Yogi says om tat sat om.

“Sages aspire to know the Truth which is  
 Myself, Om, Om, Om,” the Truth of Me is Spirit,  
 Through Love Divine set free. All darkness  
 Is Truth unexpressed. All Inharmony is  
 Truth unblest. All is Righteousness to be,  
 Reality.

Yogi says om tat sat om.

“The Life and Light that shineth through  
 The stars and the Sun am I, Om, Om, Om.”  
 Glowing Star of Intelligence Divine,

And Glorious Sun whose Orb doth Life  
 Our Earth endow; both are symbols of  
 God's great Power, that Man, His Son  
 And Heir doth Crown. Reality.

Yogi says om tat sat om

"Master of my destiny am I, Om, Om, Om,"  
 All power in Heaven and Earth is given  
 Transcendent Life through duty done.  
 This destined path is Love, in freedom  
 Won. Reality. Yogi says om tat sat om.

"No attachment or repulsion, Om, Om, Om,"  
 Freedom of duty in Spirit done; for I  
 Would not Stay, or cause to lack, Life's  
 Onward way, unto the heights of bliss  
 Beyond, neither He nor Thee nor Me.  
 Yogi says om tat sat om.

"I am the fulfillment of all desires, Om, Om, Om,"  
 The I within me which is part of the All, of the  
 Kingdoms and kingdoms that rise and fall; fall to  
 Ascend again higher and higher until God within  
 Me lives. Yogi says om tat sat om.

"I am the ever-soul, Om, Om, Om,"  
 The Spirit within me around and above me,  
 That rises over All; that sees and knows;  
 Each in its place is best for now, as was  
 Is best as then, ever moving onward and on.  
 Yogi says om tat sat om.

“Peace like a river flows to me, Om, Om, Om,”  
Though we pass through the shadow of dark  
Unto light; two parts of One great Whole.  
Yet All that is is God’s own kin, and all is  
God in the Sweet Om. Reality. Yogi says om tat sat om.

“I am the seeker and the sought, Om, Om, Om,”  
I seek, I knock, I enter in, the necessity  
Through which I become the All; I wait I  
Watch, I pray along the Way; my work in giving  
Back again the Self, is “being sought.”  
Yogi says om tat sat om.

“I hear in all ears, I see in all eyes, in all  
Minds I think Om, Om, Om.” The One great I  
That hears and sees, in You, in Me; and thinks  
And Dwells in All we see, is Universal Spirit  
Of Life. Reality.  
Yogi says om tat sat om.

My thanks to Paralee Copeland. There are more of her  
words than mine in this chant.

—Rishi Singh Gherwal.

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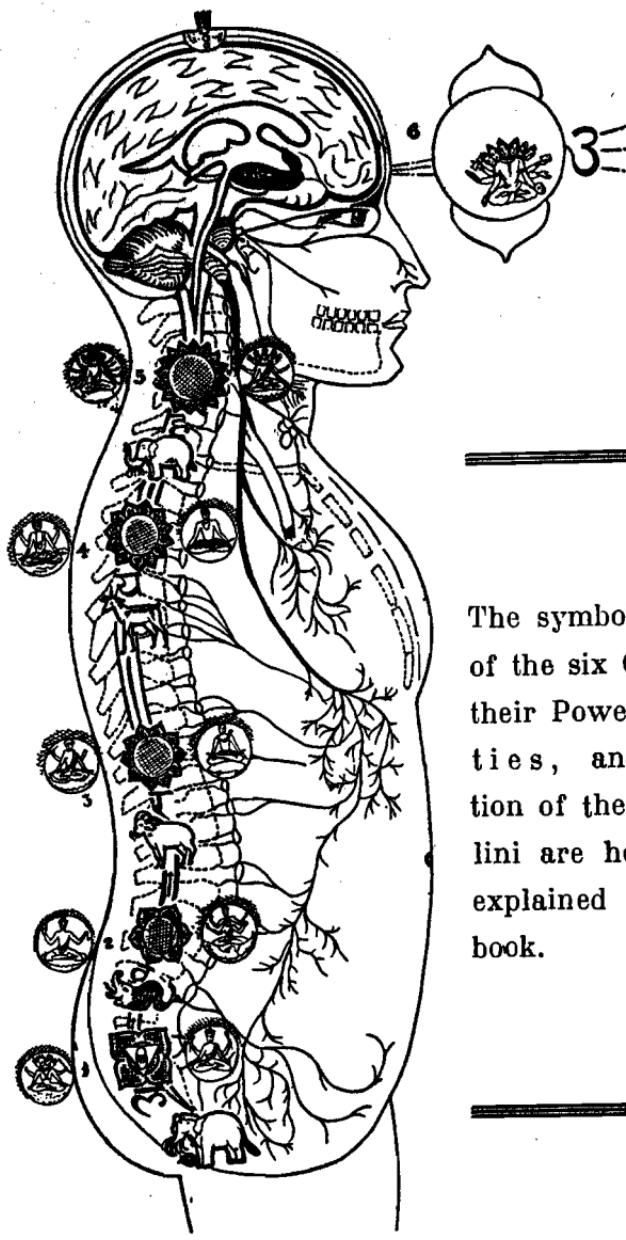
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